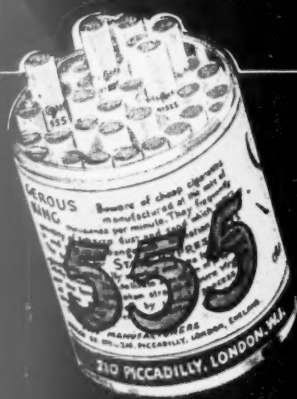


# PUNCH ALMANACK *for* 1944



REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS  
MAIL MATTER AT THE NEW YORK, N.Y., POST OFFICE, 1903. FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE PAGE III.



# STATE EXPRESS 555

EXPORT PACKING



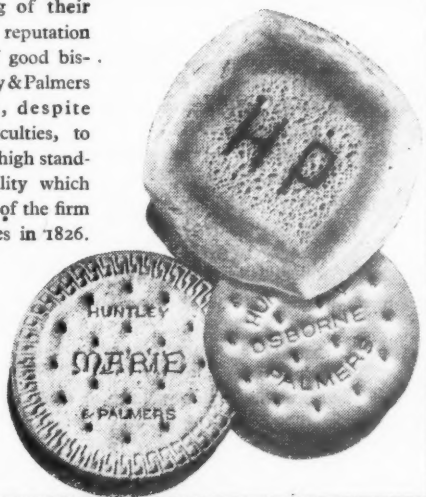
## SYMBOL OF STRENGTH



Strong and alert, the British lion mounts guard over our far-flung possessions, and our hard-won freedom.

## SYMBOL OF QUALITY

Equally vigilant in the safeguarding of their century-old reputation as makers of good biscuits, Huntley & Palmers still strive, despite present difficulties, to maintain the high standards of quality which the founders of the firm set themselves in 1826.



## HUNTLEY & PALMERS BISCUITS

*Supreme in Quality for over a Century*

Now only available in London, Southern, South Western & South Wales Food Areas. NO DIRECT SALES.

Postage of this issue—Great Britain and Ireland, 2d.

Canada, 1d.

Elsewhere Overseas, 1½d.



## *The Cup that Cheers*

BECAUSE delicious 'Ovaltine' helps to maintain your reserves of strength and energy by day . . . assists you to enjoy peaceful, restorative sleep at night . . . it can do much to promote your cheerfulness and confidence.

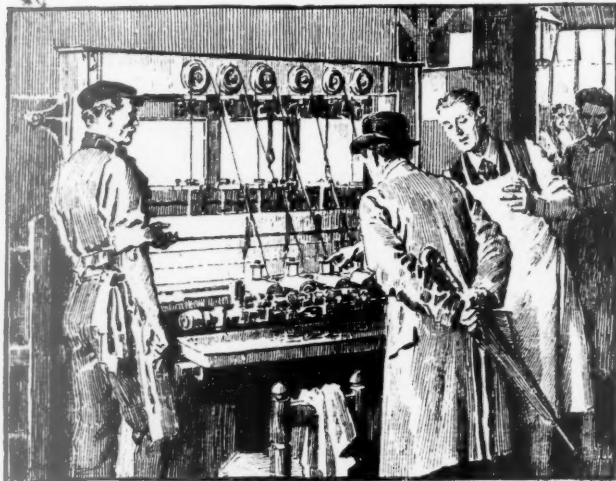
For these reasons make 'Ovaltine' your regular daytime and bedtime beverage. Its outstanding qualities are demonstrated by the fact that it is supplied to and widely used by the fighting forces, in Hospitals and Canteens.

Prepared from Nature's finest foods, 'Ovaltine' provides nutritive elements needed for building up body, brain and nerves. It also has the advantage of being naturally sweet so that there is no need to add sugar.

P616A



*Threads from the loom of time*



## 69 THE DISCOVERY OF RAYON

THE 1900 Paris Exhibition is a date and place to remember, for it was here that Courtaulds first interested themselves in the process which has given the world the lovely fabrics known throughout the five Continents as Courtaulds Rayons.

Characteristically, once the die was cast, once Courtaulds had decided to "take up" the new process, they threw themselves heart and soul into research and development.

Success did not come easily. Disappointments and setbacks beset the path of progress; but if genius be indeed an infinite capacity for taking pains, then Courtaulds scientists and technicians of these days deserve to rank high in the order. Patience, perseverance and financial for-

titude brought its reward; in due course the original Courtaulds rayon was made available to the public.

Viewed from present-day standards, these first rayon materials seem but poor travesties of the supple, shimmering fabrics in their infinite variety of lovely shades and glorious designs which adorned the persons and homes of countless thousands before the war.

It is one of the necessary hardships of present conditions that Courtaulds rayons are scarce. National needs, however, must come first. With the return of Peace, Courtaulds rayons will once more be obtainable in an even greater variety than before. In addition, new developments in other spheres are being perfected, to add to the comforts and amenities of modern living.

COURTAULDS—the greatest name in RAYON



## FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEANS HEALTH COMES TO THE WORLD

DEEP IN THESE SEAS swims the halibut. And within the halibut lies the source of one of the most potent aids to health ever discovered. For the doctors and scientists who search ceaselessly for whatever can benefit mankind discovered that halibut liver oil is one of the most richly concentrated sources of the vitamins which protect us from the onslaught of infection and disease.

The Crookes Laboratories are proud to be associated with the work of these men—proud to supply them with the tools to fight disease and to help ordinary people to live happier lives.

**CROOKES**

MAKERS OF VITAMIN PRODUCTS



The Crookes Laboratories (British Colloids Ltd.) · Park Royal · London · N.W.10



## Investment

When happier days return . . . when the comfort of quiet, speedy motor travel is once more with us . . . what could be better than to take the wheel of a Rolls Royce or Bentley car? Pre-war workmanship and pre-war materials will mean a great deal. And, by investing in one of these cars to-day, you can ensure immediate trouble-free motoring when the lights go up again.



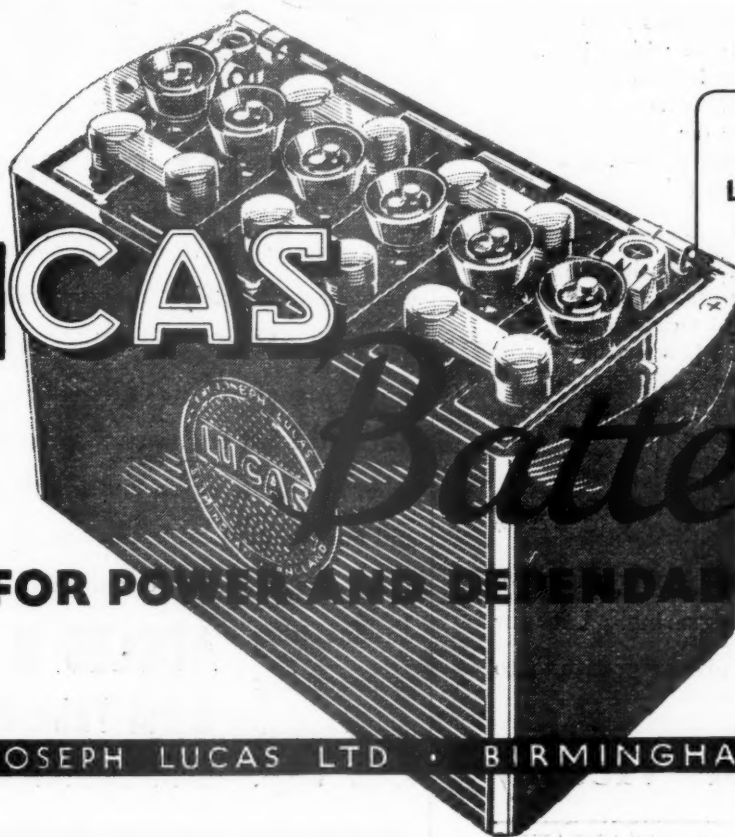
**Jack  
BARCLAY  
*Ltd.***

MAYFAIR 7444  
12 & 13 GEORGE STREET, MANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

THE WORLD'S LARGEST

OFFICIAL RETAILERS OF ROLLS ROYCE AND BENTLEY CARS

# LUCAS



**EVERY  
LUCAS BATTERY  
HAS TWO YEARS  
INSURED LIFE**

**FOR POWER AND DEPENDABILITY**

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD • BIRMINGHAM • 19

## Menders of Men...



After the smoke and  
flame of Blitz, after  
the crash and shock  
of fighting convoy, after  
the strain and roar and  
thirst of battle—

Quiet . . .  
and those white caps  
moving silently,  
efficiently  
about the ward.  
A kind face  
leaning over—

*"How are you feeling?  
Eh—more comfortable?  
You'll be all right."*

In the long night  
watches  
the shaded lamp  
of the night nurse  
is like a star  
in the dark.

A pillow eased . . .  
a glass of water.  
Dawn breaks—at last.  
Pain grows less—hope  
returns with a joke.  
Day follows day  
in kindness—then,  
*You can get up tomorrow*  
*"Oh gosh—that's  
great!"*

\* \* \* \* \*

Into the wheel-chair  
into the sunshine,  
White caps of healing  
well in attendance—  
*I say Nurse—*  
Plenty of laughs . . .  
broken lives  
repaired!

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us remember all they are doing when we  
consider our work and our saving. Let our  
saving reflect the measure of our gratitude to  
them. Save more.

... — Save for Victory

*Issued by the National Savings Committee*



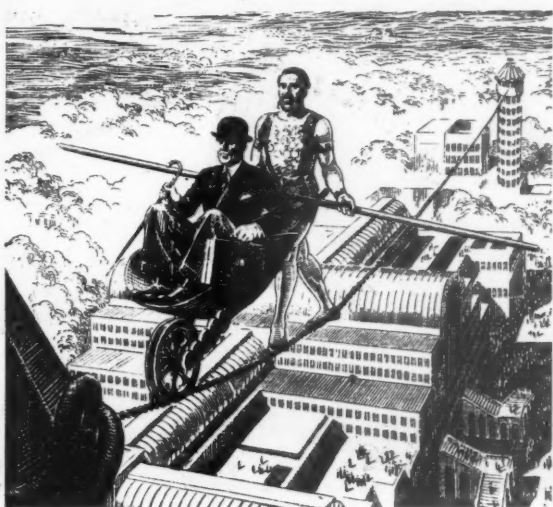
## is a lot of needles!..

Most people know that hypodermic needles are  
made of very finely tempered stainless steel tubing,  
not much thicker than a human hair. One of the  
largest manufacturers of hypodermic needles tells us  
that in the last few years they have made, from our  
tube, altogether seven and a half million needles—  
and only one has broken in use. We were depressed  
about this one until we found out that the breakage  
was due either  
to an accident  
or else to very  
rough usage.

**ACCLES & POLLOCK**  
**Steel Tube Manipulators**

OLDBURY • BIRMINGHAM • ENGLAND  
*One of the companies in the Tube Investments group.*





### Industrial tight-rope

THE great Blondin delighted and terrified our grandfathers with his famous tight-rope act between the towers of the Crystal Palace. But the man in the wheelbarrow was not terrified. He knew that behind him was one whose sound balance and ripe judgement would never let him down.

On the tight-rope of modern industry, with new war-time problems springing up on every hand, even the most resolute of manufacturers needs expert guidance. However wide his own knowledge he cannot be a specialist in all fields and is glad to know that with him is the Simmonds Organisation armed with its range of ingenious and well-tried products.

## SIMMONDS

*In high service to*  
AERONAUTICAL, INDUSTRIAL & MARINE  
*Construction*

THE SIMMONDS NUT • PINNACLE NUT • SPIRE NUT  
SIMMONDS INSTRUMENTS, CONTROLS AND  
ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS  
FRAM OIL & ENGINE CLEANER

SIMMONDS AEROCESSORIES LTD.  
GREAT WEST ROAD, LONDON

A COMPANY OF THE SIMMONDS GROUP

P.23 LONDON MELBOURNE MONTREAL PARIS NEW YORK

### BALKAN SOBRANIE CIGARETTES & TOBACCOS

## DECLARATION OF PEACE

Toasting your toes before a real fire and making your own comforting smoke-screen . . . Your back to a cushion and no longer to a wall . . . the only dictatorship your own . . . Here, in the mellow fragrance of genuine *Balkan Sobranie*, Peace is already won. For a while, you live in a world all yours—beyond the reach of Part II Orders and unharried by the call of 'next-for-duty.' Here, in the comforting aroma of *Balkan Sobranie*—which in pipe or cigarette stood by its standards when others failed—you state your Peace Aims: that 'unconditional surrender' to *Balkan Sobranie* are terms fit for any man and definitely acceptable to you . . .



SOBRANIE LTD. LONDON. E.C.1





*So gay and trim, your foot looks slim  
In a wood-wedged shoe which is neat and new.  
It's nice to find in a shoe streamlined  
Such style and grace as in Java lace.*

# Clarks

Made by C. & J. CLARK LIMITED (WHOLESALE ONLY) STREET, SOMERSET and by Clarks (Ireland) Ltd, Dundalk. Retailers throughout the country.



ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME

## MORLEY



STOCKINGS • UNDIES • KNITWEAR • GLOVES

### THE WINDAK SUIT IN USE . . . . . No. 2

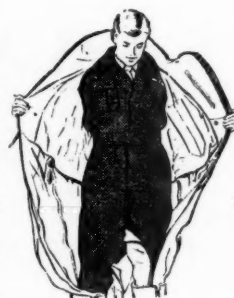


ONE..TWO..THREE..



*and it's  
off!*

Quick release is another feature of the WINDAK flying suit (officially known as SUIT BUOYANT). First, a pull on the jacket zip; second, a pull on the leg zips; third, rip it off! Everything has been provided for in this ace of operational flying suits; comfort, freedom of movement, ventilation, floatability, electric heating, ample pocket room . . .



WINDAK Suits incorporate features covered by Irvin Patent No. 407445 and others. BAXTER, WOODHOUSE & TAYLOR, LTD., Queen's Buildings, Stockport, Cheshire.



## Hands to Make and Mend

The Navy's half-holiday and time for a little relaxation and a pipe or two, and for pipe smoking there is no better tobacco than **FOUR SQUARE** in one or other of its six blends: In wardrooms and on mess decks its purity appeals to all sailors who like their tobacco as they like their rum, straight and unadulterated—no artificial flavouring about it.

### "VIRGINIAS"

**RED SQUARES.** A rich, cool, satisfying Virginia. 'Broken flake' of medium cut. Very cool and long-lasting - per oz. 2/11

**BROWN SQUARES.** A finer cut Empire Virginia, shredded and toasted. Dark in colour, but very soft flavour - per oz. 2/7

**YELLOW SQUARES.** Similar style to Matured Virginia but made exclusively from the best Empire leaf of Virginia type per oz. 2/7

**PURPLE SQUARES.** Curlies. The ever popular spun-cut. Little discs of tobacco ready for the pipe. Flavourful and long-lasting - per oz. 2/7

### "MIXTURES"

**BLUE SQUARES.** A perfectly balanced mixture of finest Virginia and choicest Eastern tobaccos. The indoor smoker's ideal. Rich in natural aroma but not heady. Medium cut - per oz. 2/11

**GREEN SQUARES.** A mixture of the old original Scottish type of medium strength and medium cut, made from selected Empire leaf per oz. 2/7

FOUR SQUARE Cigarettes 20 for 2/4

# FOUR SQUARE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND



# C & B

*sure  
you always insist on*



SOUPS · GALANTINES

MEAT & FISH PASTES

BRANSTON PICKLE

BRANSTON SAUCE

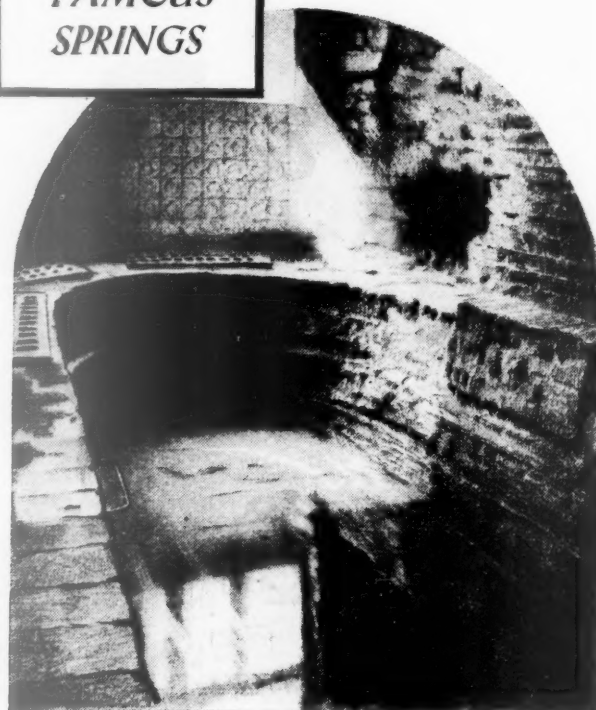
SALAD CREAM

BEANS IN TOMATO SAUCE

# CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S

*Famous Delicacies  
Unexcelled since 1706*

## FAMOUS SPRINGS



One of the most interesting of all Roman Baths—in the Adelphi, London, constantly fed, since the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, by Spring water from the nearby Holy Well. Charles Dickens took “many a header” into this bath, as recorded in ‘David Copperfield.’

Here is a long-lasting Spring, nearly 20 centuries old; maybe good for another 20 centuries! In the realm of Steel TERRY Springs have a comparable longevity, for Terry's Research Department have raised the design, manufacture, and safe stressing of Springs to the level of an exact science. With 88 years of specialisation behind them, Terry's are always ready to advise, and to co-operate with, designers and users of all classes of Spring-operated mechanisms in order to ensure maximum efficiency.



# TERRY'S

for SPRINGS

HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., REDDITCH, ENGLAND

Also at London, Birmingham, Manchester

FAMOUS  
FOR SPRINGS  
& PRESSWORK  
SINCE  
1855



**Ladislaw Srzcency**, here from Poland in the cause of Freedom, early learned that “pickles” was a kind of preserve by making the error of toasting his English friends with the blessing, “May Heaven pickle you all” . . . Fortunately his host was able to demonstrate with a bottle of Pan Yan, which having tasted, Ladislaw declared that another link had been forged in Anglo-Polish friendship.

# Pan Yan

When told that, alas, Pan Yan was not so easy to get nowadays he said, “But so with all good things”

MACONOCHE BROS. LIMITED • LONDON



Mum's Sister  
is my Aunt  
she used to be  
a secretary she  
is now a war-worker  
she says war work is  
hard but the canteen  
gets lots of OXO so  
it is quite OK she says.

Pam

# OXO

Prepared from  
PRIME RICH BEEF





## FROM THE TRAIL TO KLONDYKE

*"as good in the pipe to-day as 45 years ago"*

"Dear Sirs,

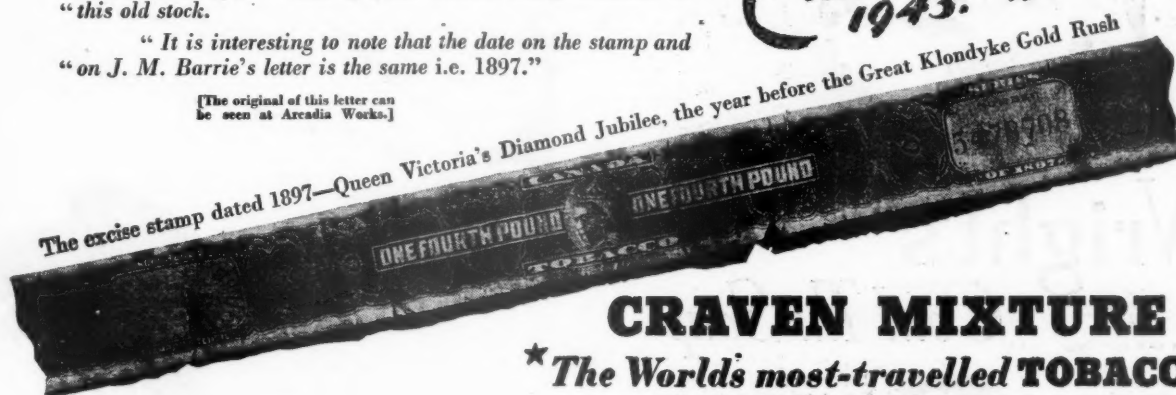
"You may be interested to hear that the enclosed stamp is off one of your ¼-lb. tins of "Craven Mixture" and that the tobacco is as good in the pipe to-day as it would have been over 45 years ago when it was packed.

"I am in . . . on a government War Project. The small store here has some left over merchandise of Klondyke Gold Rush days . . . tins of your tobacco being included in this old stock.

"It is interesting to note that the date on the stamp and on J. M. Barrie's letter is the same i.e. 1897."

[The original of this letter can be seen at Arcadia Works.]

*Packed  
LONDON  
1897.  
Opened  
KLONDYKE  
1943.*



The excise stamp dated 1897—Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, the year before the Great Klondyke Gold Rush

## CRAVEN MIXTURE

*\*The World's most-travelled TOBACCO*

Craven Mixture is the "Arcadia Mixture" in "My Lady Nicotine" immortalised by Sir J. M. Barrie as "A tobacco to live for." Double Broad Cut, Fine Cut, Extra Mild. 2/10½ ounce.

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD. (Established 1788), ARCADIA WORKS, LONDON

C.M.96

**LOOK!** our  
canteen complete with  
**ESSE COOKERS**



The call in all Canteens is for food, well cooked and containing the maximum nutritive value.

The ESSE Major Heat Storage Cooker is continuous burning and shows amazing Fuel Economy. The roomy fume-free ovens, large fast boiling area and cleanliness in operation will satisfy the needs of the most exacting of staff.

**THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY.** Prop.: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Estd. 1854

Head Office: BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND  
LIVERPOOL: 20 Canning Place

London Showrooms: 63 CONDUIT STREET, W.1  
EDINBURGH: 17 Greenside Place

11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4  
GLASGOW: 11 Dixon Street, C.1

The wise bird never catches  
anything—(thanks to Wright's)



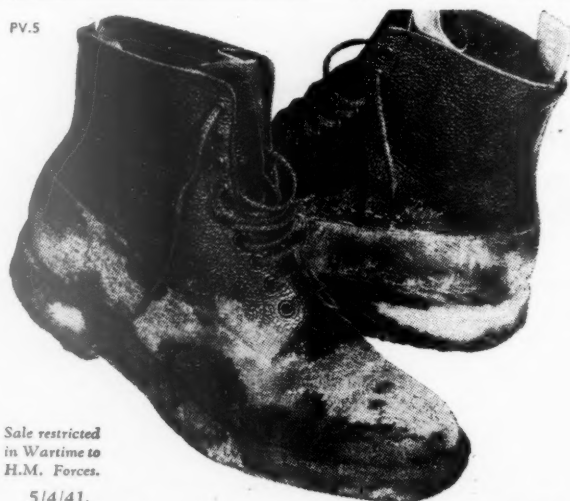
# Wright's Coal Tar Soap

For over three-quarters of a century Wright's Coal Tar Soap has remained the favourite soap for family use and in nurseries and schools



Today its cleansing and protective properties are also specially appreciated by members of the forces on service at home or abroad

PV.5



Sale restricted  
in Wartime to  
H.M. Forces.

5/4/41.

I wore them throughout the retreat from the River Dyle. We marched about 200 miles and rarely had our boots off. My unit came out eventually from Dunkirk beaches. Through the salt water the boots were white—but they are still going strong.

# LOTUS

## Veldtschoen

### GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

MADE BY LOTUS LTD. AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS

JUST A LITTLE  
**MARMITE**  
MEANS A LOT OF  
GOODNESS AND FLAVOUR

Marmite, the Yeast food-extract,  
improves Soups, Stews, Gravies  
and Savoury Sandwiches

**MARMITE**  
Associated  
Yeast Extract with a  
special flavouring of  
vegetable flavoured milk  
and concentrated yeast  
extract  
MADE IN ENGLAND  
8 OZS EXTRACT NET

THE  
**ORDER OF THE  
BRITISH  
EMPIRE**

**PATON'S**  
SHOE & BOOT LACES

SEE THE NAME "PATON" ON EVERY TAG.  
FROM YOUR RETAILER, 3d. to 6d. per pair.

WM. PATON LTD. JOHNSTONE. SCOTLAND



BY ROYAL COMMAND



'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who was then making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly, knew that their excellence had made him famous. Soon these cigarettes were the choice of every Court in Europe and of every circle whose members cherished the reputation of their taste. To-day Marcovitch Cigarettes are made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.

*Marcovitch*  
**BLACK AND WHITE**

*cigarettes for Virginia smokers*

Flat 15 for 2/3—25 for 3/9  
100 for 15/-

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**  
**SMOKING MIXTURE**



2oz.  
Airtight tin

5/10

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD  
in their 100th year.



**N**O matter what his war-time job, the average man still appreciates his "Van Heusen" Collars and "Vantella" Shirts. True, there are not so many in the shops these days, but an occasional 'lucky buy' enables him to retain that sense of comfort and smartness to which he has for so long been accustomed.

The urgent need to obtain full value for each clothing coupon spent is another reason why so many look so diligently for their favourite Collars and Shirts.

"Van Heusen" Collars wear longer, launder well and are made in various styles in white, colours, khaki and R.A.F. blue. "Vantella" Shirts match all colours and designs of "Van Heusen" Collars.

**"VAN HEUSEN"**  
Semi-Stiff Collars Reg'd Trade Mark

**"VANTELLA"**  
*The Ideal Shirt for Men* Reg'd

"VAN HEUSEN" by  
HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY, LTD.,  
Taunton, Somerset.

"VANTELLA" by  
COTELLA LTD.,  
137-138 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1



# Good Food

McVitie's biscuits are something rather more than mere biscuits; something rather more than a tasty luxury. McVitie's biscuits are good, wholesome, nourishing food. And, of course, they are scarce. Our output is greatly reduced. Our distribution is restricted to certain areas. Men and women in the Services come first and the demand is enormous. When McVitie's biscuits are available in your area make every effort to get your share. Wartime compels us to make fewer varieties. But each variety represents *good food*.

## McVITIE & PRICE'S BISCUITS

EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER



*Inside Information*

WHY should you invest coupons in one or another pair of good shoes? "Inside information" on Moccasin Shoes helps you choose. Moccasin Shoes, whether Utility or otherwise, are never scamped in the places that don't show! Sound craftsmanship, throughout every detail of the shoes, makes Moccasins stand up to any amount of hard wear. We will not use superlatives in describing Moccasin Shoes; when you buy them we can safely leave the judgment to you. For town or country wear.

# MOCCASIN

*Two purpose Shoes*



PADMORE & BARNES LTD., NORTHAMPTON

# Elvery's of Conduit Street

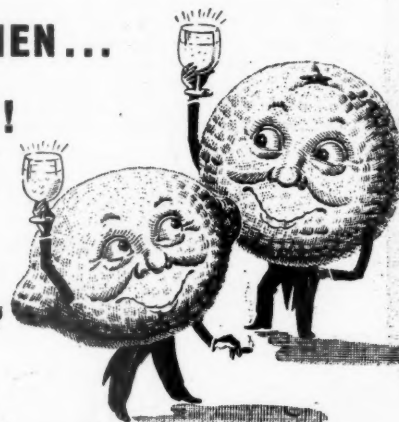
for waterproofs  
and raincoats  
for men and  
women in the  
Services and  
civilian life.

*Elvery's*  
45, Conduit Street,  
London, W.1.  
Weatherproof Specialists  
Telephone: Regent 2252



## GENTLEMEN... A TOAST!

*'To the  
brighter days  
when we  
meet again.'*



Here's to the day when the last 'all-clear' sounds—to the day of victory. Here's to the day when we can again obtain the many things we now miss—IDRIS Squashes not least of all; IDRIS with its delicious

flavour, its refreshing wholesomeness and superb quality. However big thirsts may grow, no thirst will be so deep that IDRIS cannot dispel it in the piping days of peace to come. Meanwhile

DON'T FORGET

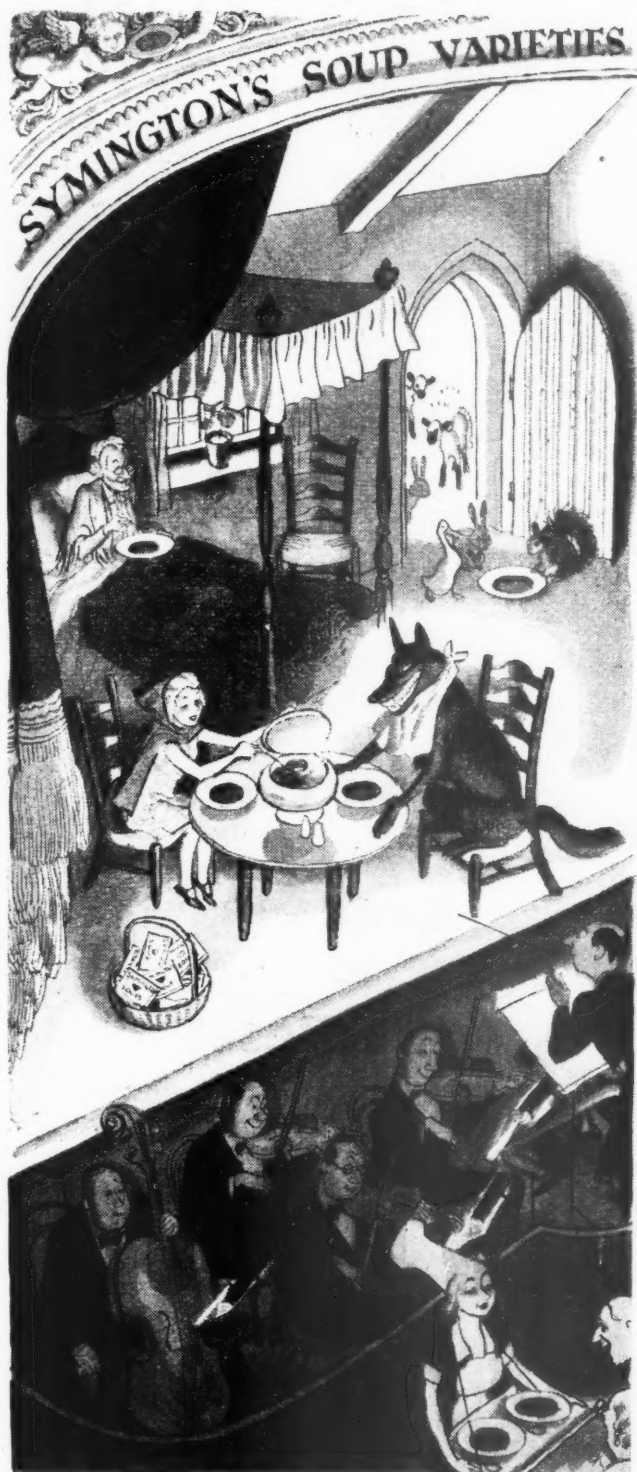
# IDRIS

*Table Waters*



IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY  
TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS

# An epicure dreams of post-war planning



W. SYMINGTON & CO. LTD., MARKET HARBOROUGH



'Second to None'

## GREYS CIGARETTES

*Just honest-to-goodness  
tobacco*

20 for 2/4 ★ 10 for 1/2

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED  
IN THEIR 100TH YEAR



## Put your best face forward

To look lovely while you 'look lively' is a big help to good morale; for good looks and a high heart go together. Though "Yardleys" appear in wartime packings nowadays, they still have all the qualities you know and trust.



BOND STREET COMPLEXION POWDER · BEAUTY CREAMS  
HAND CREAM · TOILET SOAP *Lavender & Rose Complexion* · LIPSTICK  
ROUGE · TALCUM POWDER *Lavender and April Violets*  
They may be difficult to obtain but they are worth searching for.

★ If you have any war-time beauty problems write to Mary Foster, the Yardley Beauty Consultant. She will be very glad to help.

YARDLEY · 33 OLD BOND STREET · LONDON, W.1



**You can't**

**Beat**

**the Best!**

**WESTON**  
*Biscuits*

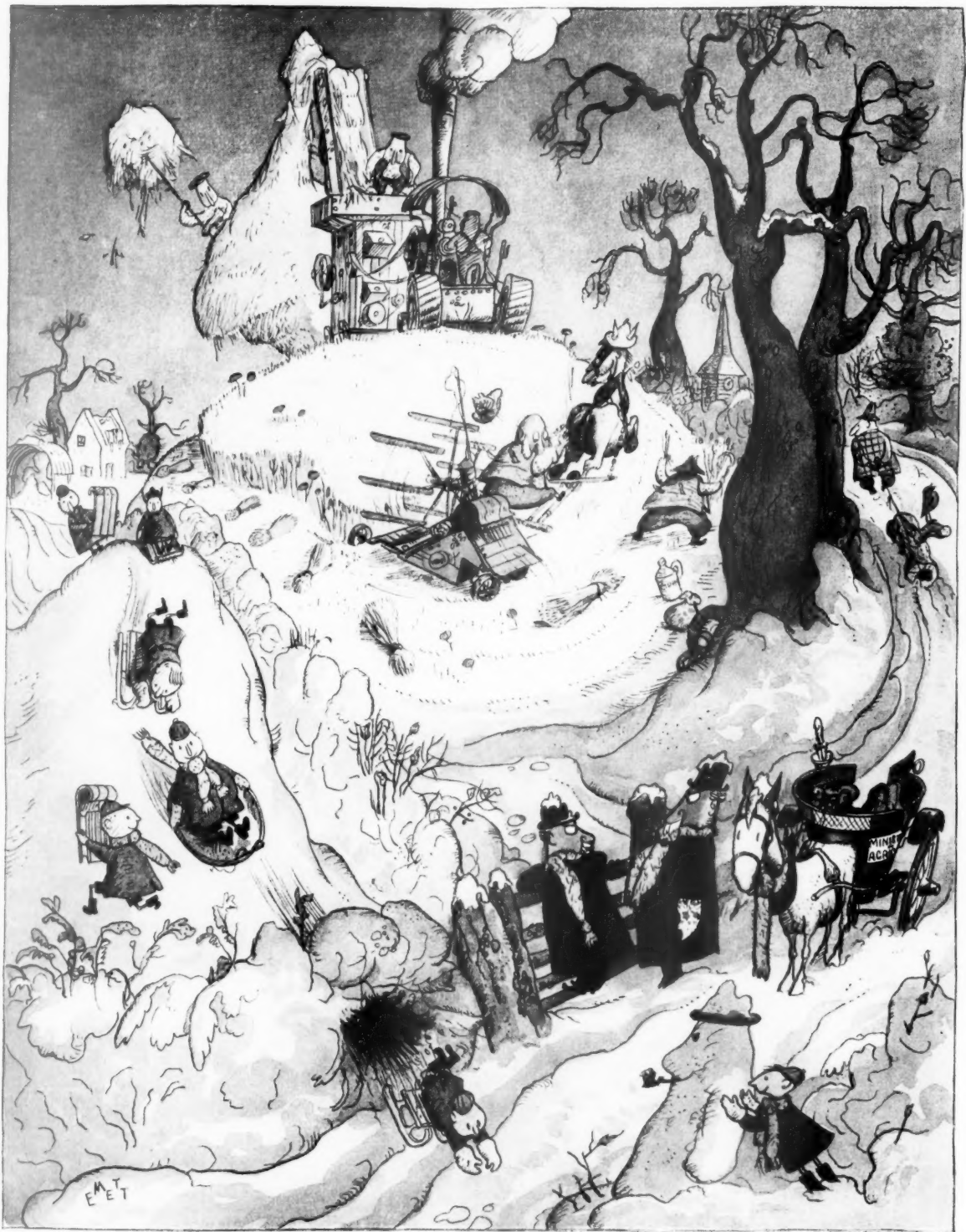


# PUNCH 1944 almanack



"The ironic part is that it's no change for me — I used to come here every year."

January	February	March	April	May	June
S . 2, 9, 16, 23, 30	S . . . 6, 13, 20, 27	S . . . 5, 12, 19, 26	S . 2, 9, 16, 23, 30	S . . . 7, 14, 21, 28	S . . . 4, 11, 18, 25
M . 3, 10, 17, 24, 31	M . . . 7, 14, 21, 28	M . . . 6, 13, 20, 27	M . 3, 10, 17, 24, 31	M . . 1, 8, 15, 22, 29	M . . . 5, 12, 19, 26
Tu . 4, 11, 18, 25, . .	Tu . 1, 8, 15, 22, 29	Tu . . 7, 14, 21, 28	Tu . 4, 11, 18, 25, . .	Tu . 2, 9, 16, 23, 30	Tu . . 6, 13, 20, 27
W . 5, 12, 19, 26, . .	W . 2, 9, 16, 23, . .	W . 1, 8, 15, 22, 29	W . 5, 12, 19, 26, . .	W . 3, 10, 17, 24, 31	W . . . 7, 14, 21, 28
Th . 6, 13, 20, 27, . .	Th . 3, 10, 17, 24, . .	Th . 2, 9, 16, 23, 30	Th . 6, 13, 20, 27, . .	Th . 4, 11, 18, 25, . .	Th . 1, 8, 15, 22, 29
F . 7, 14, 21, 28, . .	F . 4, 11, 18, 25, . .	F . 3, 10, 17, 24, 31	F . 7, 14, 21, 28, . .	F . 5, 12, 19, 26, . .	F . 2, 9, 16, 23, 30
S 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, . .	S . 5, 12, 19, 26, . .	S . 4, 11, 18, 25, . .	S 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, . .	S . 6, 13, 20, 27, . .	S . 3, 10, 17, 24, . .
July	August	September	October	November	December
S . 2, 9, 16, 23, 30	S . . . 6, 13, 20, 27	S . . . 3, 10, 17, 24	S . 1, 8, 15, 22, 29	S . . . 5, 12, 19, 26	S . . 3, 10, 17, 24, 31
M . 3, 10, 17, 24, 31	M . . . 7, 14, 21, 28	M . . . 4, 11, 18, 25	M . 2, 9, 16, 23, 30	M . . . 6, 13, 20, 27	M . . 4, 11, 18, 25, . .
Tu . 4, 11, 18, 25, . .	Tu . 1, 8, 15, 22, 29	Tu . . 5, 12, 19, 26	Tu . 3, 10, 17, 24, 31	Tu . . 7, 14, 21, 28	Tu . 5, 12, 19, 26, . .
W . 5, 12, 19, 26, . .	W . 2, 9, 16, 23, 30	W . . 6, 13, 20, 27	W . 4, 11, 18, 25, . .	W . 1, 8, 15, 22, 29	W . 6, 13, 20, 27, . .
Th . 6, 13, 20, 27, . .	Th . 3, 10, 17, 24, 31	Th . . 7, 14, 21, 28	Th . 5, 12, 19, 26, . .	Th . 2, 9, 16, 23, 30	Th . 7, 14, 21, 28, . .
F . 7, 14, 21, 28, . .	F . 4, 11, 18, 25, . .	F . 1, 8, 15, 22, 29	F . 6, 13, 20, 27, . .	F . 3, 10, 17, 24, . .	F 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, . .
S 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, . .	S . 5, 12, 19, 26, . .	S . 2, 9, 16, 23, 30	S . 7, 14, 21, 28, . .	S . 4, 11, 18, 25, . .	S 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, . .



"... frightfully behind sheaule HE is."

*Longman*



*When this—*



*business started—*



*I said—*



*it wouldn't—*



*surprise me—*



*very much—*



*if we got—*



*one or two—*



*surprises—*



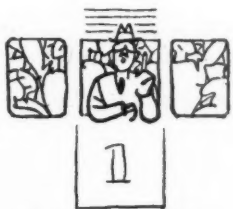
*one way—*



*or another—*



*before it finished:*



*Well, it wouldn't—*



*surprise me—*



*very much—*



*if—*



*sooner—*



*or later—*



*I turned out—*



*to be right.*



## Piedish and the Tank

**I**F the leader of the orchestra will be good enough to give the signal for a nice loud chord, to start people talking, I will tell you (behind my hand) of Panther Piedish's brush with International Law.

Not, of course, that Piedish was ever much interested in any law at all; except such portions of it as he could take into his own hands. But one Christmas late in the war—not the Four Years' War but the present one, which our stern masters seem to wish us to consider a permanency—his attention was drawn to it by his immediate superior in the Secret Service.

This man, who had an odd habit of walking about with his arms folded, like a museum attendant, sent into Piedish's room a bulging file, the top slip of paper on which read "Capt. Piedish. To see."

Piedish was never very strong in spelling and at first took this for an intimation that he was being flung into the Navy, but an examination of the file corrected his mistake. It seemed to be all about International Law and mostly concerned with the problem of whether a tank counted as a uniform. Somebody had envisaged the possibility of, say, a solitary Hexagonian's driving a tank—a small Octagonian tank—along a road in Octagonia. On its being discovered that this man (for some reason) had nothing on, except the tank, would he be liable to summary execution as a spy in the uniform of an enemy country?

The file bunched together the opinions of a number of expert jurists, some of whom said Yes, some No.

Piedish's encounters with files before had not suggested to his mind that either his opinions or his minute-writing abilities were very highly thought of; indeed, such opinions as he had—a few broad generalizations from experience—were hardly worthy of the name. He could only conclude in this instance that he was expected to put the matter to the test of actual performance.

He set about preparing for this at once by calling for his secretary.

"Fake up a letter, will you," he said to her, "to that feller I was at school with, I forget his name, in the Ministry of Supply. I've got to have one of those little Octagonian tanks—"

"Octagonal?" said the secretary, automatically correcting his grammar.

"You may be right—anyway I've got to have one. Probably loads of them there, in the salvage-dumps or somewhere; ask him to send one round. Also I shall want a sizable transport plane, big enough to carry it. Fix it with the R.A.F., will you?"

He took out his engagement-book and consulted it while the secretary made notes. "20th, no . . . 21st, lunch with . . . 22nd, hair-cut . . . Mmm . . . well, I don't see anything for it but Christmas Day. Pity. Make a note, will you, to ask if I've won anything in the M.I.5 draw for that phial of whisky? I shan't be here."

Thus it came about that on December 25th Panther Piedish, wearing nothing but a small Octagonian tank, and suspended from a small forest of parachutes, settled slowly to earth in a deserted part of Octagonia.

He was not good at thinking ahead, but he had gone so far as to cram into various odd corners of the tank most of the things he thought he would need. A tin or two of vegetable soup (no points), a few blankets, a cheap edition of *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* to enliven idle moments, some Octagonian money, a flashlight with a spare bulb,

a pair of nail-scissors . . . the bare necessities of a bare man.

The small Octagonian tank is designed for one or at most two men, and an ingenious system of loopholes and mirrors enables the driver to see all around him. Peering about, Piedish could see that there was snow on the ground and that there seemed to be no dwelling in sight. There was a good chance that his arrival had not been noticed at all.

He was about a hundred yards from a rough cart-track, and he made for it.

Ten minutes later he was still clattering slowly along this road when, looking at his petrol-gauge, he noticed that he had only enough left for about ten more miles. At the same moment he recollected that spare petrol was one of the things he had forgotten to bring with him.

He stopped the tank and sat still, cogitating, till there was a sudden yell.

"Hi!" said a voice in the Octagonian tongue.

Piedish looked out. He was close to a small wood in the shade of which he could, now that he looked for it, perceive a hut.

"Hi!" the shout was repeated. Piedish now saw that in front of the hut stood a man in the attire of an Octagonian charcoal-burner, carrying under one arm a struggling hen.

Piedish made no sound, having no idea what sound to make. The charcoal-burner began to walk towards the tank, addressing the hen in soothing terms the while. When he got to the road he looked up at the nearest loophole in the tank and said in Octagonian "Gimme a lift into town."

Without thinking Piedish, always willing to oblige, replied in Octagonian "O.K. Climb on."

The man set about mounting on top of the tank and at length it was possible to separate from the endearments he intended for the hen the word (in Octagonian) "Right!"

Piedish started up again and the tank joggled on for about ten minutes more, by which time it became obvious that they were passing through the outskirts of a town. People appeared, some of whom tended to stare. Piedish stopped again to think.

Clanking sounds indicated that the man was climbing down. His aggrieved eye appeared at one of the loopholes as his voice became audible:

"I yelled for you to stop long ago. We lost Maisie back there."

Piedish explained that he had not noticed the escape of Maisie, and the man observed gloomily: "The quickness of the hen deceives the eye."

(This goes pretty well in Octagonian, whatever you think of it in English.)

A small crowd collected round the tank, and Piedish reflected that the hour had probably come. His petrol was now very low indeed. Throwing back one of the armoured half-doors, he thrust his head and shoulders out. The crowd made a sharp movement away from the unexpected apparition. He had not shaved, and he was all over goose-pimples from the cold.

Nobody made a sound until an Octagonian policeman came to the front and said "Can I do anything for you?" (The Octagonian police are wonderful.)

Piedish said "Well—"

"Poor feller's lost his uniform," came a murmur from the back. "Don't just stand there."

Other comments became audible: "Catch his death." "Weather like this, too." "Disgraceful, I call it."

"You get back there in the warm," the policeman said at length. "I'll get you some clothes."

"But—" Piedish began.

The policeman had already gone. Piedish pulled his head in again like a tortoise and tried to think the matter out. How could he make them realize that he was a spy, and that the tank was his uniform? If he said so in so many words they would only think he was off his head. On the other hand if he waited for a uniform to be supplied, and put it on, he would merely be acting as a spy in the time-honoured manner and not prove anything.

Before he had reached any conclusion the uniform had arrived, bundled through the door of the tank in brown paper that still bore the tattered label "Not to be Opened Till Christmas."

He saw nothing for it but to put it on. It was a poor fit, but had several stripes.

\* \* \* \* \*

After that, of course, he merely escaped from the country in the customary Piedish manner after the usual Piedish adventures, which I will not bore you with.

The whole thing, in fact, is still in the air: his experiment was inconclusive. He's been trying to work up a minute about it for some time now, but he can't get hold of a razor-blade to sharpen his green pencil with. . . . There he is over there. I was sure he was here when the orchestra began to play the selection from *Snow White* as a request item.

R. M.

## Light Conversation

THE small red-faced lady smiled at me from between the empty sweet jars and cheap torches. The little shop was dark. The air was still, warm, and scented with household soap and domestic animals.

"My rear-lamp won't go," I said, "and I've got to get back to camp." I felt helpless and ashamed, as I always do in the presence of the scientifically-minded.

"I've got a boy in the Air Force," she said, taking my rear-lamp and weighing it in a wrinkled hand. She looked at my sleeve and added, "He's a corporal." I'm sure she did not mean to be unkind.

I said that I thought it must be the bulb, because the battery was a new one. "Perhaps," I said, "you would be kind enough to test it on your—er—tester?"

She brushed a wisp of grey hair away. "The water will be off any minute," she said, "with that burst down by the greengrocer's. I want to wash a few things out before it goes off."

I said that it must be a nuisance for her.

"In the churchyard," she said, "are stones with our names on right back to the fifties. My great-great-grandfather's there. You can see for yourself, if you care to go in. Do you know where the churchyard is?"

"No," I said, "I've never—"

"You know the old Rock Road, by the Rock?"

"To tell the truth—"

"My great-grandfather used to tell how after the Crimean War they got the soldiers working on the Rock, making cobbles, just for employment. You can't miss the churchyard." She was unscrewing one of the tin end-pieces of my rear-lamp now. "You know the edge of the common—with the trees and the drinking fountain?"

The lamp suddenly exploded into pieces—the bulb, the little bright cup, the circle of red glass, the spring, the rubber washer, the two tin end-pieces. They rolled and bounced about the tiny counter. I seized the opportunity to say

that I was a stranger in those parts and had never been in the village in my life before.

"Sixty-three years I've lived here," she said, moving the empty sweet jars, searching. "I'm getting an old woman now."

"No, no," I said.

"You would see the policeman's house?"

"It is getting dark. I'm afraid—"

"It's behind there—the churchyard."

"I think the bulb rolled on the floor," I said.

She disappeared behind the counter. Her voice came to me a little muffled. "Cut the water off," she said, "that's the first thing as soon as there's a burst. Never mind the people who've got washing to do."

She reappeared, holding the bulb.

"Is that Sergeant What's-his-name still there—the tall one? My boy used to be very friendly with him until he got married. Now then, we'll soon see."

She manoeuvred about with pieces of wire attached to a battery. My bulb did not light.

"There's nothing in there," she said. "I can't for the life of me remember his name now. He was a sergeant, I know that. I expect the battery's done."

"But the battery's a new one," I said, realizing too late that it was not my battery she meant.

"I used to cycle out there, many, many years ago. We used to see the aeroplanes going up."

"Oh, yes?"

"And coming down, of course."

"Of course."

"My boy put his home in store in Birmingham."

"That was very wise. Look, I think perhaps I'd better have a new bulb. It looks as if—"

"After the store was bombed he wished he'd have put it in some other store. You never can tell with these things."

"No, indeed."

"It may be the battery, or it may be the bulb, that's what I always say. Perhaps if I test it on *your* battery we should see. My great-great-grandfather built his own house, down by the war memorial."

"Ah!" I said. Her pieces of wire, with my battery and my bulb, had done the trick. We saw. Then there was darkness again.

"There's nothing the matter with it," she said. "Though of course, the war memorial wasn't there then. Now then."

In the gloom she began the task of assembling my rear-lamp. Something touched my foot. I saw the silhouette of a high-tailed cat pass through the door into the street.

"How's that?" she said, pointing the lamp at me and switching it on. "My other boy's in the Army." The lamp did not light.

"Fine!" I said, stepping forward on to my bulb with a faint crunch. "How much do I—"

"When he was a boy," she said, "his hands was all over with warts. Then all of a sudden, they all went. Never been beaten with a rear-lamp yet."

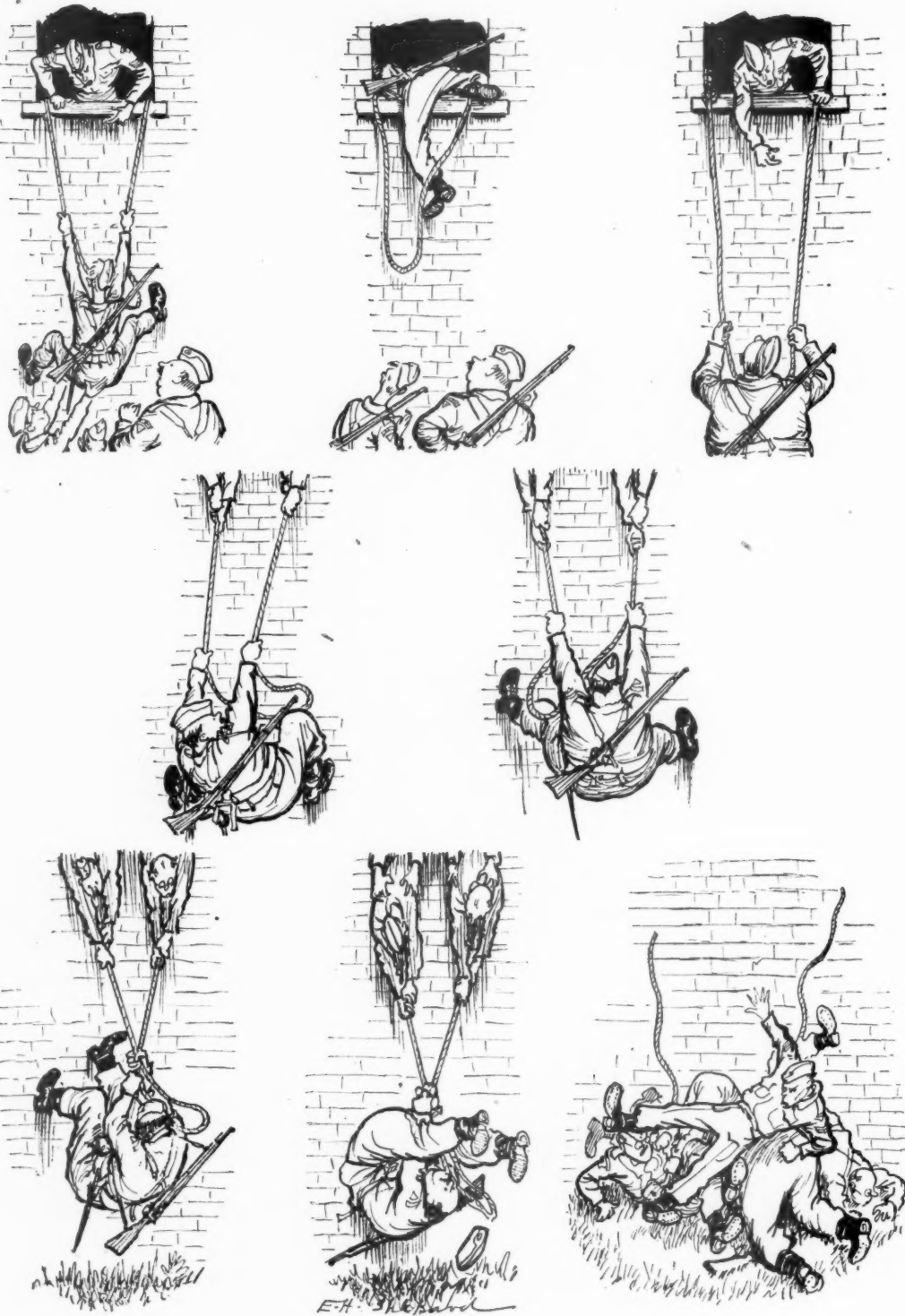
She brushed back her wisp of grey hair and disappeared from sight.

o o

## Any Wife to Any Husband, and Back Again

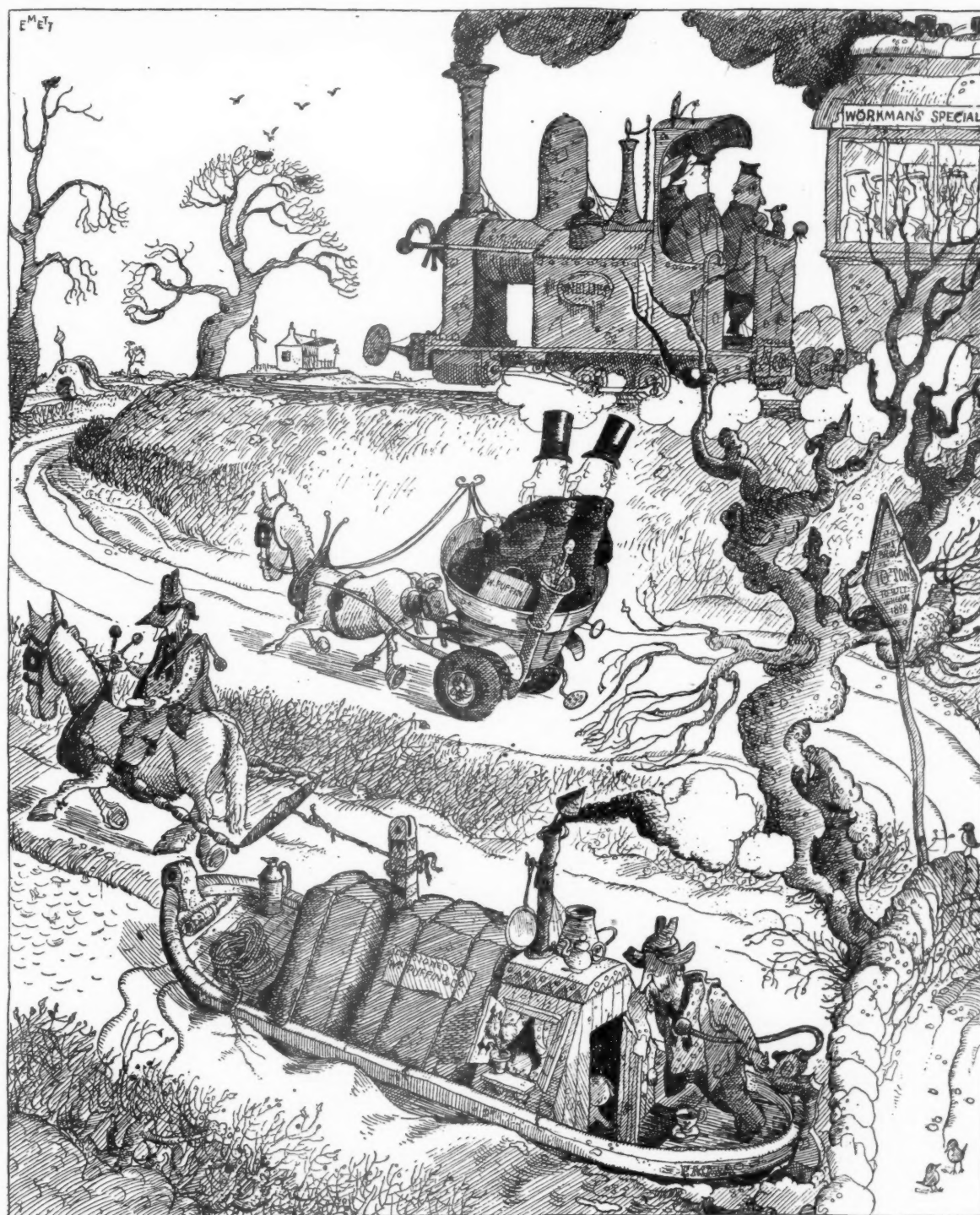
TO pass the time and to keep me merry  
I shopped while waiting to catch the ferry.  
There wasn't much that we needed, you know,  
But isn't it funny how money can go?"

"Not very."



LAST MAN UP





"... Now, if ONLY one could have raw material, directorate and personnel all going along nicely together ..."

## Going Home

WHEN my mother said Going Home, she meant yew hedges,  
And peacocks on the lawn, and mullioned windows,  
And the scent of dried lavender and dried rose-leaves  
In china bowls on delicate lacquer tables;  
And the butler bringing in the mahogany tea-tray  
(Set with massive silver and miniature victuals),  
Treading quietly over the beeswaxed floor—  
And if you wanted more, you rang for more.

When I said Going Home—that is, in the old days—  
I meant the paved street from the nearest bus-stop  
To the little house with the pointed iron railings,  
The children waving out of the nursery window,  
The narrow hall, the letters on the table  
(Bills, unpayable—open them to-morrow),  
The gas-fire safe behind the brass-edged fender;  
And, an hour later, the sound of familiar footsteps  
And another latchkey, opening the same front door—  
That was my Going Home, before the war.

But now, for a thousand days, for more than a thousand,  
It has been a phrase with many different meanings.  
It has meant the steep stairs to a New York walk-up;  
Another walk-up; then an elevator apartment.  
It has meant the passage-way to an hotel bedroom,  
A hundred hotel bedrooms in a hundred cities,



"The Ministry wants us to frame a newspaper announcement tactfully castigating those who never read the Ministry's newspaper announcements."

Always the same—the bed, the stand for luggage,  
The desk, the cuspidor and the Gideon Bible;  
Always the same, that room, yet always different,  
With different air coming in when you open the window—

Snowy New England air, dry air of Texas,  
A cold fog blowing off the Lake in Chicago,  
Or the humid breath of the lower Mississippi.  
It has meant the path back to the tourist cabin  
(Cabin of wood or brick, of stone or adobe)  
After a stroll in the woods or a stroll in the desert  
To stretch the legs, and take the cramp from the fingers,

The vibration out of the spine from a long day's driving.  
It has even meant the walk, the slow, uneven,  
Lurching walk from the Diner back to the Pullman,  
Shoving the obstinate doors, both elbows rubbing  
Along the walls, through cars with names like music—  
*Kayenta, Sinyala, Tesuque, Moencopi*—  
To a berth with a number embossed on its thick dark curtains.

On a three-day journey, Home is Lower Four—  
And you hope that the man in the Upper doesn't snore.

It matters little. It matters very little.  
You must leave many things out of a travelling-suitcase,  
And one of them's self-pity. It is heavy and useless.  
Besides, I own none. Wandering, I have discovered  
Much treasure on my way, and none more precious  
Than the meaning of Going Home, the real meaning.  
One traveller said: "Home's where I hang my hat."  
Well, there's some truth, but not all truth, in that.  
Add two more letters. Then, instead of part,  
You'll get the whole: "Home's where I hang my heart."

Home is the inner core, the core of the spirit,  
The triple core, where Past and Present and Future  
Are braided into one, where things remembered  
And things now here and things anticipated  
Grow indistinguishable and inseparable.  
Here are the stone mullions and the area railings,  
The hotel bedroom and the tourist cabin,  
And some new half-imagined post-war dwelling  
(With a flat roof, maybe, for the helicopter).  
Gloucestershire, London, New York, San Francisco  
Are here, and all the places in between them,  
And all the friends that I have made in a life-time  
(Living or dead), and the transient train-acquaintances,  
And all the shadowy friends that are still to be met with.  
This is a home that's well-equipped and lasting:  
When the peacock-lawns have been sold for death and taxes,

And the bombs fall on the city, or the lease is ended—  
Then these invisible walls remain, inviolate.  
This inner place is Home: and going there  
Is easy as flight of thistle-down on the air.  
I do not have to walk, or climb a stair,  
Or push a bell, or knock,  
Or turn a key in a lock.

I need not even draw two curtains apart  
To reach this Home, where I have hung my heart—  
This core, this inner core,  
Which holds the Now, the After, the Before—  
Rest for the restless, peace in the midst of war.

JAN.



*"Hurry up, there! We're waiting to block the road."*





Geo. M.

"And zero hour will be at -6½ inches down."

## Our Onyon

By Smith Minor

**B**EFORE I begin this article, wich really begins a long time ago, and if you don't know what that means you will presently when I explane, Green and I want to send his and my good wishes to all onyon growers who are trying to do their vegetable bit, and to say good egg if they are being succesful, or jolly rotten luck old chap, or old girl, if they are not.

I know one dosen't generally send messiges to readers, and at first Green was against it.

"Why?" I said.

"Well, firstly, it waists space," he said, "and secondly, will they want it?"

I replied by saying that (1) what was a cupple of lines, and (2) some wuold want it, and I didn't think that the others wuold mind.

"I shuoldn't think that any wuold want it," he then said.

And I then said, "That's where you are wrong, Green. Haven't you notised that when two poeple start doing the same thing they get more akin? Say they both grow runner-beans, they chumb up at once, and it's even more so with onyons."

"Yes, that's true," he said, he being the fairest person one has ever met, and always admitting a thing is true if it is, even if he has sworne it isn't. "You remember how old Boggle and Woggle\* used to hate each other, foaming at the mouth when they met, but now they've both gone in for sweet peas they almost kiss."

"There you are," I said.

"But still," he said, "a messige from one onyon grower to another will waist space for those who, say, only grow parsnips, and thouh you say it only takes a cupple of lines, if I know you you'll write out all this conversashun, too, and that will mean much more than a cupple of lines."

"Well, I will only write out the conversashun up to here," I said, and, as you see, that's all I'm doing.

Now, what I meant when I said that this article begins a long time ago was that it began last autum when Green and I

"Felt our Moral dropping faster  
After months of grim disaster,"  
and were wondering what could be

done about it, if anything. You see, that year we'd gone in for twenty-seven (27) diferent kinds of vegertables and the only ones that had come to anything were the radishes, they being woppers, you cuoldn't get away from it, and one lettice which I grant you cuoldn't eat, but wich we thort worth wile becorse it grew almost a mile high, but as for the rest, well, most of them seamed to have gone down insted of up, baring those that were suposed to go down, like carots and parsnips, wich didn't go anywhere. So, anyhow, after a lot of thort we desided that next year, i.e., this year, but it then being next year, we'd go in for only one vegetable, but go in for it thorouhly. The question then was, wich?

"Why not onyons?" said Green.

"Why not?" I said.

So as we both cuoldn't think why not, we made it onyons.

Well, the next thing to do was to get to know more about onyons than we knew alreddy, wich wasn't dificult as we didn't know anything, so we bought three books and borrowed nine, and as they all said the same thing we thort that was enoufh.

I will now tell you what one has to do, in case you are one who ever has to do it, i.e., as folows:

(1) Prepair the ground, you do that with manure.

(2) Come the spring, work it up (the ground) to what's called a light tilth. None of the books said what a tilth was, so we had to guess, but perhaps you know.

(3) Sew the seeds. You can put them straiht into the tilled earth, or you can tilth it a bit more with soot, that is, if you can get the soot, wich we cuoldn't.

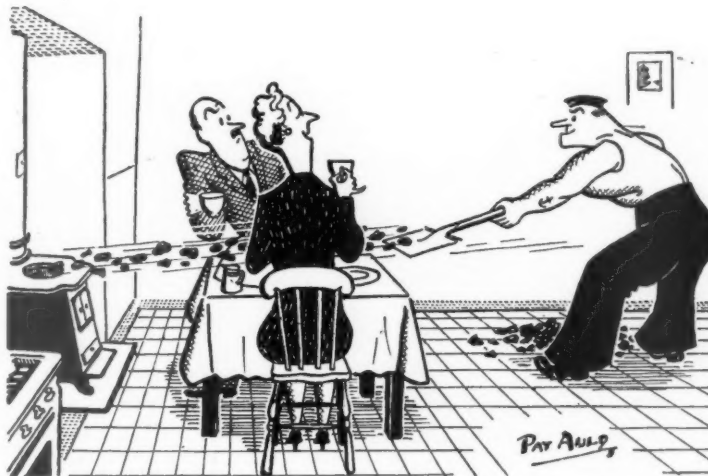
(4) When the onyons begin to come up, saying they do, thin them out, in other words pull out all the onyons on each side of the ones you don't pull out, the reason being that you get less but bigger, that is, the onyons do.

(5) Keep a hot look out for onyon flies, and if they come give them a dose of caromel.

(6) Keep another hot look out for mildue, and if that comes, one knowing it by white spots, look up your book if you've forgotten, I having, and do what it says, or it may be streaks, not spots, or who knows, both.

(7) Get up all the weeds with (a) a

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"Yes, yes, we know, dear boy—that's the way you do it in the Navy . . ."

\* Two masters who we call Boggle and Woggle. Author.

hoe, or (b) your fingers, or (c) both, being careful not to get up the onyons, too. If the hoe, being sharp, slices off the top of the onyon, it's no good trying to put it back, the thing's finished, and you can thin it right out.

(8) When August comes, bend o'er the tops,  
For if you don't, then ripening stops.

(The above is by Green.)

(9) When they have stopped dig them up.

(10) Hang them up.

(11) Eat them up.

Well, that was what we had to do, so now for what we did.

(1) We went to a farmer for the manure, we knowing one, but fealing *un peu* doubtful owing to the short-hage. We had to wait a bit as he was catching a bull that had gone into an old lady's kitchen, we ofering to help him but he luckerly not neading us. When he had got the bull and found the old lady, she having gone out of the kitchen when the bull had gone in, he came and asked us what we wanted.

"Manure," we said.

"What for?" he said.

"Onyons," we said.

"I don't know that I can spair any," he said.

"We ofered to help you with the bull," we said.

"Well, how much wuold you want?" he said.

"How much wuold you think?" we said.

"How do I know?" he said.

"If you don't know, how can we?" we said.

"Well, how many onyons do you want it for?" he said.

"We don't know till they come up," we said.

"Do you know anything?" he said.

"What?" we said.

"How big is your alotment?" he said.

"Five rods, poles, or perches," we said.

"Then half a lode shuold do you," he said, "and I can jest spair that if you can spair five shillings."

We jest cuold.

Of course, when I say "we said" I don't mean we both spoke together, that wuold be silly, but first one spoke and then the other, Green beginning. You can work out wich said wich if you think it is worth it.

Well, came the manure. It came in one of those tip back carts the backs of wich tip back. Unforchunately it tipped back before I thort it was going to, so you might say, if you wanted to be funny, that I got manured before the onyons did, but mind you, the farmer hadn't done it on purpose, so one cuoldn't say anything. After that we dug the manure in and then waited.

I will now get over the things that came next more quickly.

(2) Came the spring. We worked up

the ground with all the tools we had, hoping that what we worked up was tilth.

(3) Came the seeds. We sewed them till they were all sewn.

(4) Came, at last, some onyons, at least, the beginnings of them. We didn't thin them out becorse, well, they were thin alreddy.

(5) & (6) Came the onyon fly and mildue. We did all the things the books told us, and also severel other things we made up, but none stopped them. All the onyons that had begun to come up, there weren't many, got soft and mushy and sort of died, wile all the onyons that hadn't begun to come up never did. So when

(7) started to beat us, and this is the worst of the lot, well, we let it, becorse what is the use of getting up about two million weeds when there is nothing in the middle of them after you've done it?

(8) Came August, and with it came a Notise of a Vegertable Show.

"All we've got to show are weeds," I said.

"Yes, let's go out and bend their tops over," said Green, "I'm sure we've got a prize thisle."

So we went out to look at them, not having lately, becorse the sight of five rods, poles, or perches of nothing but weeds makes one feal a bit depressed.

"But as we gazed into the jungle That is the Fate of those that bungle,"

Green sudenly said,

"What's that tall thing?"

"They're all tall things," I said.

"Yes, but I mean the one that's tallest of the lot," he said. "Let us wade to it and see."

So we did, and, lo! it was an onyon!

Yes, beleive it or not, but I feal you will, one onyon had stuck it like a soljier fighting all alone against seathing odds, and when we had cleared away the seathing odds, lo! again! it was almost as big as our Maths. Master's head!!

We bent it over.

(9) We dug it up.

(10) We hung it up.

We didn't (11) eat it up. No, insted we sent it to the Vegertable Show, and it won First Prize.

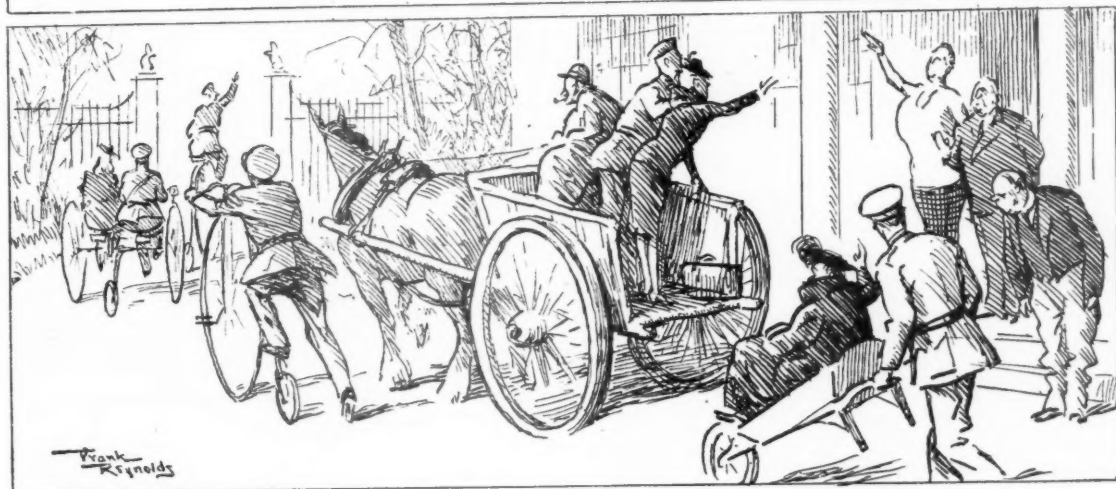
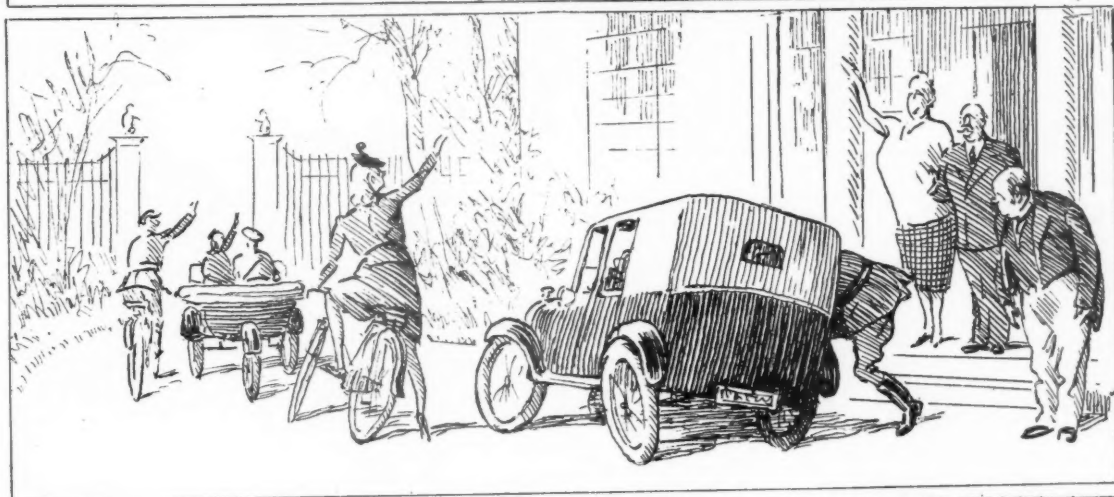
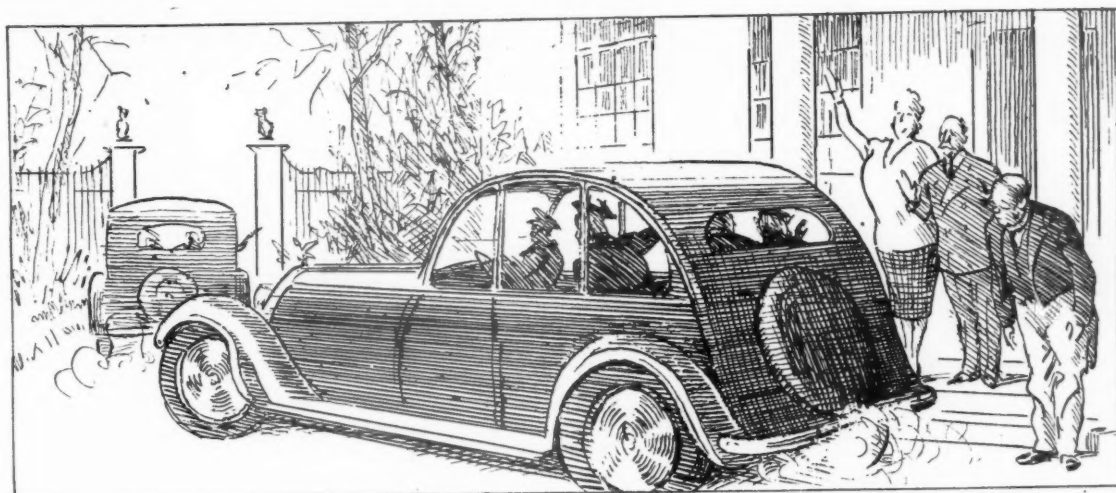
What we're trying to work out now is weather we're Onyon Orthorities or not? Perhaps someone wuold tell us.



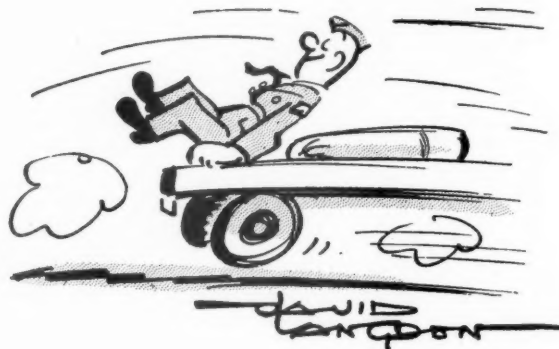
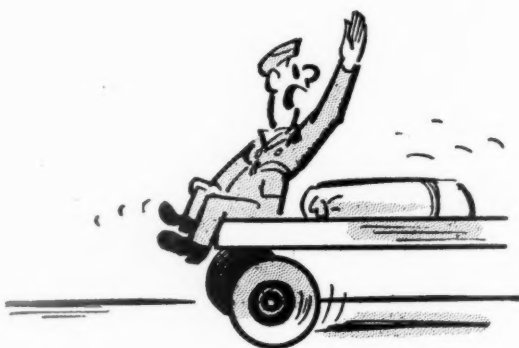
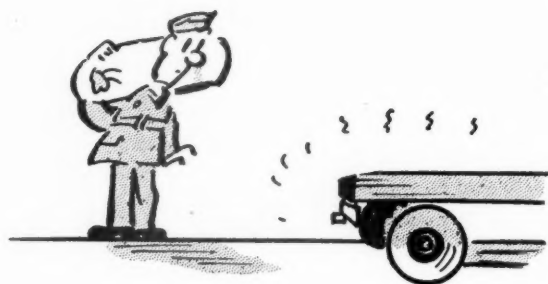
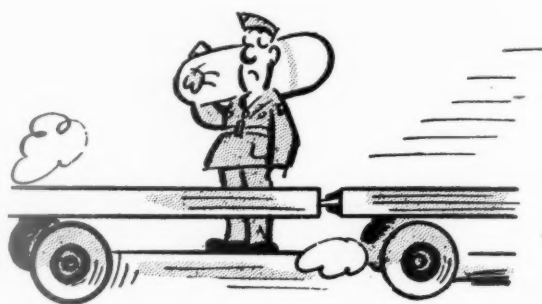
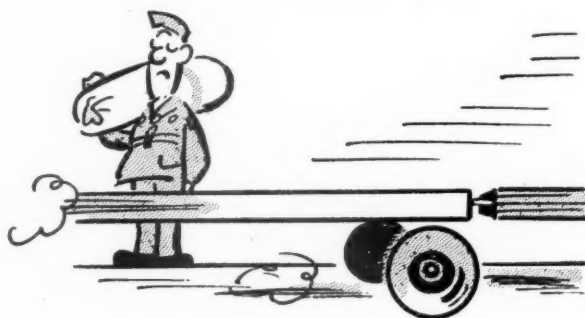
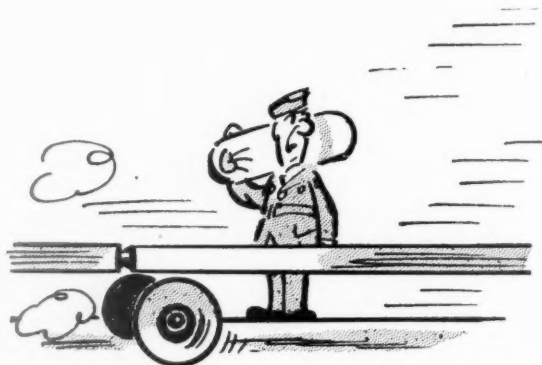
"My golf remains much the same, but I think my cycling improves."

"MAN wtd. for Overwoodhill; all farm duties; wife to attend poultry and feed man occasionally."—*Advt. in Aberdeen Paper.*  
Just enough to keep him quiet.





THE PARTING GUESTS





*"Purely from a publicity point of view, the necessity for camouflage suits us very well."*



*"For 15th Century it's in good repair—but the sandbags need restoration."*





*"No, Albert, you musn't talk to Mum now!"*



"... or there's the headless woman at The Manor."



*What a stir of excitement runs through the company as soon as they notice someone of distinction—*



*entering the room!*

## H. J. Talking

ONE of our troubles when we married was that my wife and I each had a Family Curse, and these amalgamated. Mine was an elkhound that stamped its cloven hoof in the flower-beds at the full moon, and once a year left drops of blood in the spare bedroom, or in the garage if there wasn't one. It was a harmless thing and of considerable conversational value. My wife's curse was phosphorescent bagpipes which shone in through the window on Thursdays and made a curious whirring noise if any of the family was going a journey the next day. Whether or not the journey was safe didn't seem to make much difference, and one theory was that something had gone wrong with the works and that rightly it should have played a lament when danger threatened. Our first warning of the merger was when the elkhound, too, became lumipous and the pipes tried to copy its baying, though with characteristic inefficiency all it did was yap like a pekinese.

As well as a Curse our family has a Legend, of which we are very proud as it is both cheaper and more select than a coat of arms. Like most legends it is about history, but of greater value than some because it deals not with the Middle Ages but with the period more frequently taken in School Certificate and is thus helpful to the children. Here it is:

### FAMILY LEGEND

Midnight is what it was. Among the ice and snow without it was on the cold side, but within cosiness was the keynote, this being caused by a large fire, panelling and a carpet. Tresham Jenkins sat working at his desk, papers strewn everywhere around him. He was perplexed, for to-morrow was nomination day and his Election Address was only half done. What he was doubting was whether he should be a Tory or a Peelite. He thought of his farm in Sussex and the Corn Laws seemed very well thought out laws indeed: he thought of his mill in Rochdale and deleterious was what they seemed to be. In the passage outside his door his wife, bairns and butler huddled in anxious uncertainty; it was the kind of time when anything might happen, and, for once, it did.

There was a tapping at the window. For some time the candidate took no notice. A deputation of voters would come to the front door; waits, pensioners and non-voters would go to the back door; and the rector was always tapping at windows anyway and it was better not to encourage him. At length, however, Tresham completed a passage comparing Chartism to almost everything he could remember off-hand and, stepping across to the window, opened it. Something grey slunk swiftly past him. Apart from subconsciously noticing that it was not the rector, he paid little attention and gazed out gloomily into the night. Soon this palled and he turned back into the room. Sitting in a chair by the fire was a handsome youth dressed as a Gentleman Commoner of the University of Oxford who stared at him and said nothing at all, and this is a very successful way of behaving as nothing much can be done about it. Looking at his uninvited guest Tresham Jenkins made a short speech of welcome just to keep himself in practice, but by the time he had got to the point where he said that railways were capable of being a great power for good he began to feel slightly uncomfortable. Were not his visitor's eyes rather hungry-looking? Didn't his teeth look unusually large and well-made? Hadn't he a vaguely High Church look? At this point a crash of thunder filled the room.

Slowly the youth, removing his mortar board, crouched as if for a spring. Slowly he peeled off his gloves. An owl entered the open window, hooted apologetically and went out again. Our ancestor realized that when he came to think of it there was really not much time to be lost. Picking up a copy of *Debrett* he flung it at his adversary, who rent it with his fangs, letting the scarlet juice slaver down his chin. In the time thus gained Tresham Jenkins rushed into the night and continued so to do until a sunrise reminded him that there was no more night left to rush into. In gratitude to the cause of his safe retreat he at once vowed to take a peerage, and the problem which had been vexing him melted like ice when you put it in a test tube and heat it.

This legend is the private property of the Jenkins family and cannot be used without their permission, which is granted only to in-laws as a general rule.

B. Smith has recently produced a book of popular science lessons for children. In accordance with the best educational thought they start from the natural interests of the child and work up to science gradually. Electricity, for example, is taught via the electric chair. The principle of the Lever leads naturally from an account of the rack. Chemistry is used to explain certain features of poisoning cases, and the Law of Gravity begins not with the apple but with the guillotine. Some kinds of science are rather hard to get in, among such being Astronomy, but B. Smith gets over this difficulty by inventing lurid accounts of the private lives of famous astronomers. His account of Kepler, for example, is more striking than anything in Suetonius.

## Silver Shackles

THE Navy knows a ripe and heady wine  
To overmaster thought and fill the veins  
At every sip with racing loyalties;  
A wine distilled of words antique and rich,  
That sets a spell around the heart and mind—  
"The Captain's Galley," "Tampion," "Make-and-mend"  
And "Warrant Shipwright," "Tiller-flat," "Belay"—  
Who tastes these mellow draughts upon his tongue  
And keeps his head? The words are round and strong,  
With poetry rubbed into them like spice—  
"Lash up and Stow" and "Liberty-boat," "Careen,"  
"Master-at-Arms," "Veer," "Reeve," "The Forenoon  
Watch"—

What brave, what wholly satisfying speech,  
Worn smooth, as shingle by the rolling sea,  
And shaped by centuries to fit the tongue!—  
"Mate of the Upper Deck" and "Master of the Fleet,"  
"Yeoman of Signals," "Captain of the Gun"—  
Heroic, drugging sounds! Did I say wine?  
But wine, leaving a memory, is gone;  
May not endure to tie you in a bond.  
Rather are these the links formed in a chain,  
A silver chain, that keeps you prisoner  
And binds you to the Service; is become  
Well-worn and loved. And as you live and move  
Its silver jangling echoes in your head.  
Listen, and close your eyes. You hear the sound?  
The silver shackles stir, and you are bound.





*"I'd like your opinion, Sir. Naturally, we all think it's the prettiest assault course in Wales."*

## Our War-Time Query Corner

Ask Evangeline!

**Q.** I have reason to believe that a neighbour of ours, a fishmonger, is employing his wares to alienate the affections of my wife. Three, occasionally four, times a week these days I am left alone with my breakfast spam whilst Gertrude, with whom the procuring of a Manx kipper seems to have become a ruling passion, hastens out to join queues at the shop in question even before its doors open to the public. I feel I cannot go on like this. Only this evening my rock salmon stuck in my throat. I have done what I could to beat my rival at his own game, even to the extent of making a twelve-mile excursion to a pond reputed to be a breeding-ground for minnows, but when I suggested that minnows were no less rich in vitamins than herrings and should be gutted and fried open in a similar way, my wife struck me with a roll of music. In happier days Gertrude was a skilled performer on the sackbut and authoress of an unpublished work entitled *Two Zebras for My Broccoli*.

GAYLORD V. POTTS (Mr.).

**A.** As you cannot hope to compete with one who has the entrée to the entire fish-producing world, try rather to regard Mrs. Potts' case as simply a fascinating bit of group psychology. Very likely it is the act of queueing in itself, the mere fact of standing immobile in a public thoroughfare among others of her kind, which she finds irresistible. Indeed one has only to look in at any Promenade concert to realize that cultured minds are by no means immune to the thrill of the herd and are to be found at times in aggregations far larger than are necessary for mutual protection or for the securing of some common aim. As to the continual queueing for fish rather than, say, for camphor balls or unsweetened bath buns—maybe it just happens that Mrs. Potts finds a nicer, more refined type of queuer at your local fish-store than elsewhere.

**Q.** We are told that the best way to get about quickly on wooden-soled shoes is to "roll." How does one do this?

CEMETERY LODGE-KEEPER (Lady).

**A.** Our own method would be to fasten four small castors, in pairs, upon the bottom of each and move forward, cautiously at first, keeping up a kind of breast-stroke with the hands. In mastering the ordinary walk, however, try to plan well in advance

where you are going, whom you intend to address, etc., as nothing looks more gauche than to go shooting backwards and forwards past one's objective.

**Q.** I cannot understand why I am not more popular with men. My height is 6 ft. 2½, I am told I have an airy, breezy way with me, and some years back I came an easy first in the Tooting and district juvenile yo-yo contest. I chose the Land Army because I felt I needed the companionship of real men who had spent their lives in close contact with the soil, but though I have now been eighteen months in Stamp-on-the-Dibble, my only male acquaintances are my employer, a Mr. Alfred Basin (second oldest inhabitant), and a mole-catcher rejected by all three services on grounds of intelligence.

LAND-GIRL LUCY BLACKADDER.

**A.** It is foolish to attempt to dazzle men if you never meet any. I fancy too, from the self-description given, that your technique may be at fault. Mere height in itself is not necessarily a recommendation unless the gentleman in whom you are interested is a slater, thatcher or bricklayer's assistant, while the assumption that an atmosphere of wind and draught is one likely to appeal to the opposite sex is, I know from experience, ill-founded. My belief is that Fate had a hand in leading you to Stamp-on-the-Dibble, Lucy, for where else in the kingdom could you have run to earth one in closer contact with the soil than a mole-catcher? A good means of establishing more friendly relations might be to go yo-yoing, unconsciously as it were, near one of his burrows.

**Q.** I have noticed that whenever I am waiting on a crowded platform, trains invariably stop in such a way that I am left somewhere equidistant between two Pullman doors, never at a door, with the result that my chances of obtaining a seat dwindle at once to the infinitesimal. One would suppose that by the law of averages a habitual traveller would be bound occasionally to coincide with a door, but no. How do you account for this?

T. T. TWISS

(Twiss's Commonsense Eardrums.)

**A.** You sound to me bi-polar. I am not a mathematician, but at a rough guess I should say there was probably something amiss with your radical axis, which would account for

the failure to intersect harmonically with the co-axial arcs described by the desired apertures. Do not despair, however. There may come a day when you will exhaust the possibilities of your self-conjugate vertices, or platform positions, thus swinging off on what Mr. Priestley would call a new time-track, and this will make all the difference. You may not necessarily get any closer to doors of Pullmans, but you should at least stand some chance of coinciding with the entrance to the guard's van or even the kitchen compartment of the dining-car.

**Q.** Shortage of proper ladders, etc., has led to a bit of bother between us and the Throstlethwaites next door. It started on the Tuesday as they began in Italy on the Friday, when we went out to pick the apples off our apple-tree and found the step-ladder treads rotted through. My wife's Uncle Wilf fetched out of his trunk a sort of rope gadget he used to have in his young days when he went in for amateur trapeze entertaining, and said this would be better than anything wooden as we could save time by swinging from bough to bough. He fixed it on one of the branches and started showing us how to swing, only, being a heavy-built chap, every time he grabbed for another branch he couldn't quite make it. Mother said he looked like Tarzan and we all had a bit of a laugh. This got Uncle Wilf worked up and he told us to watch as he was going to do a trick, and the next minute there was such a smash-up. He had gone right over the hedge into the Throstlethwaites' marrow-frame where a Leghorn pullet that they call Mabel was just settling down to lay. The Throstlethwaites' garden isn't very big, so the marrow-frame stands in the middle of the hen-run, and it seems this Leghorn, a good layer but moody, got such a start that they haven't seen an egg since, and Arthur Throstlethwaite is turning quite nasty. "I like a bit of fun," he keeps saying, "but this takes the biscuit." He has had seven and sixpence from us for the frame but he says it's the laying business that's the trouble, and if we don't do something about it he'll make a case. What had better be done?

(Mr.) THOS. BULFER.

**A.** I am afraid the old gentleman's escapade may cost the family its entire egg ration for the next month or so, for it seems to me your only course

is as follows: Keep a close watch on the movements of both Mabel and the Throstlethwaites (a rota of duty-times could be drawn up so that the watching is allocated fairly), and have a pan of water continually on the boil. The moment Mabel is observed to be pecking in or about the marrow-frame at a time when the garden is free of Throstlethwaites, the signal is given and an egg popped at once into the pan, which is carried into the garden and concealed somewhere on your side of the hedge. A delicately-piled tower of zinc buckets, shovels, ash-bin lids, etc., is now pushed over with a clash calculated to bring one of the Throstlethwaites out of the house, and at the same moment the egg, thoroughly warmed, is deposited in the marrow-frame by means of a large spoon fixed to a broom handle. The rest is simple. The one operating the egg-spoon glances casually over the hedge and remarks: "I see that Leghorn of yours is laying again." Continued repetition of this manoeuvre should convince even the most sceptical of neighbours and at the same time help Mabel towards that ideal of service which shock appears to have put out of her mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. The magazines that give recipes for using up scraps never seem to mention the kind I always get left on my hands. How, for instance, do I convert into an appetizing luncheon dish for six, half a stale round of spam, two prunes, a little withered lettuce, uncooked bacon rind, one of last week's sausages and some odds and ends of rather soppy beetroot? Also what would be a suitable table decoration for a pea-pickers' anniversary party?

(Mrs.) ADÈLE NUTTY.

A. To make Woolton Dainties (see Trixie May Grubb's *Three Hundred Ways of Using Spam*) you simply take a sheet of brown paper (this is a recipe for rather wealthier households) and fashion deftly half a dozen little soufflé cases, placing your scraps in these, one in each case. The spam and lettuce are cut up into whorls with a pair of sharp nail-scissors, the bacon rind tied into lovers' knots. Numbers from one to six are now perched on top of the scraps and a duplicate set is arranged face downwards in a flower-decked bowler hat with "Woolton" in Old English illuminated lettering across the crown, the hat being passed round the table as soon as the meal commences. Guests lift a number in turn and claim their corresponding scrap. The prunes, I imagine, will prove a hot favourite in an otherwise fruitless meal of this type, but in any

case you should find your guests' faces an interesting study as the fateful hat makes its round!

For table *décor*, as this is harvest-time, what do you say to a centre-piece of little victory Vs made from miniature pea-sticks, with a couple of wild oats beside each plate as a favour and big bunches of hay at the corners?

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. In a previous issue you asked why my husband did not take up poker if he had not sufficient coupons for cricket trousers, so I got him to follow your advice and now he has no trousers at all apart from two heavy-weight winter pairs, as he says he used them for stakes. This is a great worry to me for I do so like to get him out for a little exercise in the evenings after he has been weeding the vegetable beds and getting in the potato crop. I went to the trouble of making him a pair myself out of coupon-free black-out material, but Eustace is increasingly difficult about putting these on and refuses to go out in them as he has got the idea that they look amateur.

E. O'D. LAMPLOUGH-LUSH.

A. We are all of us at one time or another guilty of these unreasonable antipathies towards certain (maybe attractive) articles of clothing which we fancy are not quite our style, but what neither you nor Mr. Lamplough-Lush appears to have thought of is the possibility of his discarding trousers altogether for sports wear. Clad only in vest and panties, he might very easily pass for a harrier and get any amount of good exercise by simply running up and down the streets of his home town. If he waited until dusk and ran very fast, few would notice he was not wearing the conventional runner's costume.

## Eight Over the Eight\*

I HAVE waited patiently for the B.B.C. to invite me to discuss the eight gramophone records that I should choose for my entertainment on a desert island. I have waited in vain. Time is running short and there are only a few archipelagos left. Understand, please, I feel no bitterness whatsoever towards the broadcasting people: they probably have their eyes on some other political *arriviste*. If they have, the individual of their choice has my permission to borrow freely from my considered opinions.

\*Rather a clever title, and one that draws attention to the fact, apparently overlooked by the B.B.C., that a record has two sides.

My first record would be the one that plays the overture or signature-tune to "Desert Island Discs." It is one rich in the cries of seagulls, the wistful rustling of palms, the plangent percussion of colliding coconuts, and the dreamy music of lagoon-water lapping in low sounds by the shore. I should lie on my back and listen to this record every day and I should be able to imagine myself a castaway on some remote Pacific island. What finer way is there to escape from a desert island than to *imagine* you are on one?

Next, I think, would come a record of some potpourri of popular tunes by a great cinema organist. The idea here would be to imagine that I had a radio set. This record might also save me a lot of the time and labour that all desert islanders must spend in lighting fires. Especially if there is a jungle near.

My third choice would be a recording of the chimes of Big Ben. This would save me the trouble of constructing a sundial and would provide the right atmosphere for post-war planning.

Instead of making my fourth record a duplicate of the first, as I originally intended, I would have a twelve-inch recording of a profound silence. The noise of the local seagulls, etc., superimposed on the faint scratching sound of the needle would be just as good as the real thing and would last longer.

My fifth record would be something rhythmic, something out of "Music While You Work" in correct tempo. I should play this while I busied myself with little routine duties in my rude hut. A modern dance-tune arranged for the piano, perhaps, would be ideal—or, a further economy, arranged for two pianos.

This gramophone would be such a precious possession that the thought of a technical hitch is too horrible to contemplate. To guard against such a catastrophe I should make my sixth choice a quiet recording of an awed silence (it was a profound one above). Then, if the turn-table refused to turn, I should put on this record without feeling my loss too keenly.

In my seventh choice I should take a recording of the massed sirens of London. The rich imagery induced by this record would help me not to notice the shortage of taxis on the island.

I am not sure that I should require an eighth record. Seven, somehow, seems more literary and, but not therefore, sober. But if I *had* to make it eight I should choose a recording of one of those comedy teams that expect us to scream with laughter whenever they repeat some puerile catch-phrase. It would help me to deceive myself about my own humour.







DOUGLAS



*"I wish they'd TOLD us they were going to have an exercise to-day."*



## Times Aren't What They Were.

ONCE upon a time—one time by Greenwich, another by the sun, and several others by those clocks and watches that we couldn't possibly undertake to repair until after the war, madam—there was a village somewhere in the south-west of England that acquired a good deal of notoriety.

Ding, Dong, Dell, suddenly began to sound out of a—fortunately—clear sky in the middle of the afternoon, on a week-day, causing everybody to say: But it isn't Sunday, and some people to add—a little doubtfully—Then it must be the invasion and Dad was dead wrong about it after all—and one radio fan to affirm that it was the B.B.C. Red Cross Contest and they ought all to guess what the sound was. (He himself then guessed practically everything in the world, excepting church-bells, from a tank with a defective engine crossing the desert to a new announcer announcing something about a Russian village with an unfamiliar name.)

Most other people, however, guessed without the slightest difficulty that what they heard was bells, and one very old man kept on talking about Henry Irving. He was ignored by everybody except his young A.T.S. great-granddaughter, who told him very kindly that he was probably really thinking of Robert Donat, only his voice wasn't a bit like that.

Meanwhile, the bells went on ringing vigorously and the members of the Invasion Committee, anxious to show how well organized they'd been for months past, decided they'd better treat it seriously, and if it should turn out not to be the real invasion after all, say that it was an exercise.

And although they were a good deal annoyed by this interruption to the useful war-jobs they were all doing, one and all got into whatever badges, armlets, slacks and tin-hats had been decreed for them and went off to their respective posts. It fell to the lot of the vicar, who had naturally repaired to the church tower, to explain the situation as soon as he himself had understood it.

"Pussy's in the well," he was obliged to say, this being the sole cause for the outbreak of ding, dong, dell.

An irresponsible young evacuee member of his own household, known as little Tommy Green, had first of all thrown pussy into the well, then, with

the help of several of his friends, rung the bells to give the alarm and try to get the cat out again.

Since everyone had turned out, including the ambulance, the fire-escape, and seven stretcher-bearers whose stretchers hadn't yet arrived from headquarters but were promised before the end of nineteen forty-three, they thought they might as well do a job of work, and went off to the well, situated in the vicar's garden. The cat was swimming madly round and round the well, little Tommy Green was watching it and laying bets with his young friends as to how long it would hold out, and the vicar's wife, who was very fond of the cat, was appealing to Tommy Green's better self—but nothing came of that.

The vicar, more realistically, just said: "I'll give sixpence to whichever of you kids gets pussy out."

The Eighth Army itself had nothing on the concerted rush that was instantly made upon the well—and for the matter of that, Rommel had nothing on pussy for elusiveness. There were some people who went so far as to say that the cat preferred the well to its rescuers.

However, rescued it was—by one little Johnny Stout, who almost immediately went into a clinch with little Tommy Green, who didn't like having his sport interfered with.

The few words spoken by the vicar went unheeded by all, but when his wife said that there were some nice cups of tea going at the canteen (in happier days the vicarage hen-house) everybody responded at once, feeling that this was the proper way for any incident to close.

Pussy was dried, and so—by one of those war-time coincidences—was the milk it was given. E. M. D.

## The Mess Shoot

THE Officers' Mess had been lent the Glencrummie estate shoot for the day and Captain Henry Longshanks—unable to borrow a shotgun—turned up with a .22 rifle, the property of the village baker.

When the other guns saw what Henry was carrying they shuddered, and Angus McScrogg, the estate game-keeper, was heard to mutter that it was all the fault of this damned war and there would be snow in July yet.

The party moved off to the first beat, McScrogg leading the way and giving instructions "to shoot anything, fur and feather," adding that "them's

the Laird's orders and he's sorry he canna be here himsel'."

Henry immediately dropped into step beside him.

"And what may I expect to shoot in the way of fur?" he asked.

"Rabbit. Hare. Maybe a roe-deer," said McScrogg stiffly. "And if it's the latter shoot straight, for they're the deil's ain pest with the havocking they do in the young larch plantations."

"But how will I know if it's a roe-deer?" persisted Henry. "I've never seen one."

McScrogg looked at him and sniffed.

"It will be hairy. It will be brown. It will have cloven hooves," he said.

Ten minutes later Henry was still turning over these words in his mind when there was a sudden movement in a clump of broom just ahead and almost immediately he caught the glimpse of a cloven hoof and a brown hairy flank.

Wasting no time, Henry fired. The next moment a gaunt and squealing pig broke covert, charged blindly down a hill, crashed headlong into a Scots fir at the bottom, quivered once and lay still.

In a very short time everyone gathered round: Henry's new C.O. thinking how lucky it was that the squeals had not been Henry's and he hadn't shot himself in the foot; McScrogg, that surely justice had been done—both to "the trespassing swine" and to "that — 22 rifleman."

And then a farmer, the owner of the pig, arrived and seeing Henry reloading his rifle, addressed his remarks to him.

"What murderous carry-on is this?" he demanded.

Henry bit his thumb before replying.

"I seem to have shot one of your pigs," he said. "I'm awfully sorry."

"Sorry is it? And what's the use of being sorry when one of the best prize Tamworth boars north of the border lies destroyed at your feet?"

The farmer knelt down and began to stroke the animal's ears. The guns and McScrogg assumed a sepulchral air. Henry actually took off his hat.

The farmer continued:

"It'll cost you fifty pounds. I'll not take a penny piece less. The poor brute is as dead as a neep howk."

He then stood up, sighed and gave the pig a professional and valedictory tap on the snout with his boot.

That tap had an electrical effect.

In a split second the animal was on its feet and racing off across the fields to its sty. A moment later the farmer followed in hot pursuit, leaving a string of Scottish oaths in his wake.

McScrogg recovered his speech first.

"It's as well, Colonel," he remarked,

"that things has turned out the way they has and the animal only stunned from hitting the tree in its fright."

The C.O. nodded his head. McScrogg went on:

"For though the last regiment quartered in Glencrummie would often recall the two ferrets they killed and the garden-boy peppered with No. 6 shot as if they were battle honours—thou common swine, sir, would have been nocht but a lasting and shameful affront to you and yours."

The C.O. nodded his head again and everyone looked round at Henry, feeling the honour of the regiment was still at stake.

Henry, however, had left the group unnoticed a short time before and was at that moment busy in the clump of broom from which he was dragging a fine roe-buck by the hind legs.

G. C. N.

## The Phoney Phleet

H.M.S. "Salamander"

I'VE told you of that little show  
In which Lieutenant Indigo  
Won added laurels for a name  
Already rich in naval fame  
And proved his blood as Navy blue  
As that maternal great-aunt's who  
Herself killed eighty-seven men,  
When no more than a Leading

Wren,  
By culinary means alone.  
Well, emulating this old crone,  
If not in method, in effect,  
Young Percy had already wrecked  
A tidy tale of German ships.  
Then *Salamander* left the slips,  
His new command, a fine corvette,  
And Percy made a solid bet  
That on her first or maiden run  
She'd liquidate some chosen Hun.

In consequence whereof, when he  
First sighted U. 1003  
He shouted shouts like "Attaboy!"  
Indicative of major joy  
And ordering Full Steam Ahead  
Prepared to fill her up with lead.  
The Hun, however, wouldn't play;  
He seemed quite disinclined to stay  
To have his conning-tower smacked,  
And beetled off at speed; in fact  
It took all Indigo could do  
To keep the submarine in view.  
For thirteen days the chase went on  
Till *Salamander* gained upon  
The Fritz, whose fuel was giving out,  
And dealt him one almighty clout  
And that was *that*. But think of  
this:

Determination not to miss

Winning that too, too solid bet  
Had made friend Indigo forget  
That he had *also* steamed too far.  
He woke up with a nasty jar  
To realize that, at the best,  
He'd last as far as thirty West  
And then *his* fuel would give out.

And so it did, just round about  
A thousand miles from Base Sweet  
Base.

At first they tried to meet the case  
By towing her from all their boats,  
Their life-belts and their Carley floats;  
This gave the ratings outsize sores  
And in succession smashed the oars.  
They rigged up something like a sail  
But this was really bound to fail—  
The shirts of which the thing was  
made

Starting already deeply frayed.  
A swimming-party pushed her stern  
But they caught cold. Attempts to  
burn

A portion of the sailors' rum  
(That shows to what a pass they'd  
come)

Happily failed—it wouldn't light.

Such was the *Salamander's* plight  
When Percy got his Big Idea.  
If he could drop a depth-charge near



"I'll be round in ten minutes, sir,  
if you're really QUITE sure it's a  
TAXIDERMIST you want?"

The stern and promptly lie down flat,  
He had an intuition that  
Important things would happen. So  
Telling the men to go below  
He shoved a sample off the rails.

The Oxford Dictionary fails  
To give a hint of any word  
Applicable to what occurred.  
And all that I can therefore say  
Is that, much later in the day  
When Perce and Co. at last came  
round,  
A close investigation found  
They'd made a forty-four-mile trip  
But lost a portion of their ship.  
They struck a sort of balance-sheet  
And reckoned that both ends would  
meet  
With some of the corvette in hand  
About the time they'd reach the  
land.

The rest was easy—mere routine.  
Each forenoon at 0815  
They slung a depth-charge in the  
brew.

Each evening, after they'd come to  
And had a modicum of food,  
They totalled up the miles made  
good

And sent a working party aft  
To patch their duly-lessened craft.  
And so the days wore on. At last  
It needed only one more blast  
To blow them into Devonport,  
But the corvette had got so short—  
So little of her still survived  
That even if the crew arrived  
They'd do it, so to speak, by air:  
Their floating home would *not* be  
there.

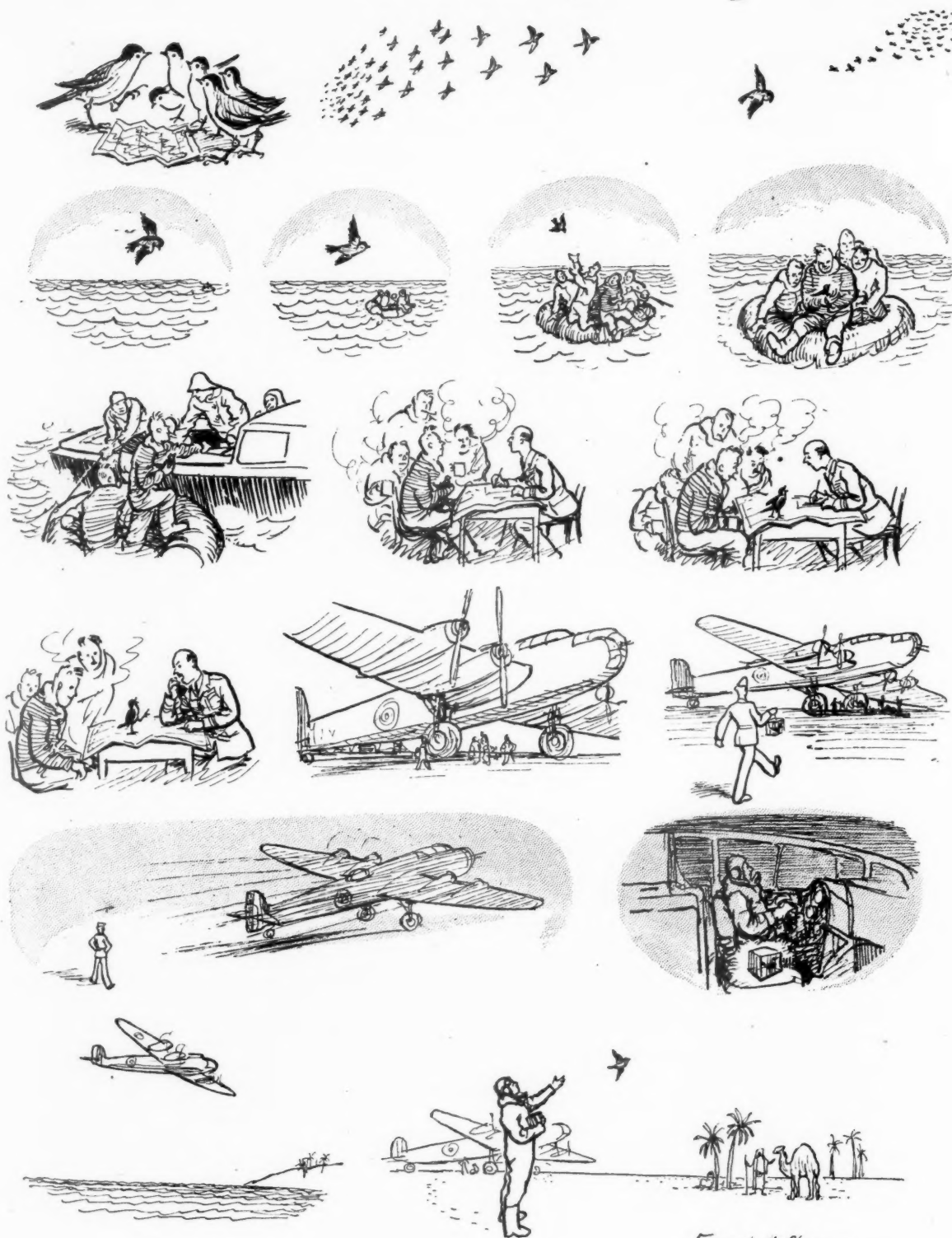
Now what was Indigo to do?  
Preserve the ship, or save the crew?  
Create a lot of widows or  
Rub out a British man-of-war?  
As long as sailors sail the sea  
No case in naval history  
Will ever cause as much debate  
As that of *Salamander's* fate.  
But Indigo, as you have guessed,  
Thought England, Home and Beauty  
best

And with a farewell gesture threw  
A final depth-charge in, which blew  
The party on to Plymouth Hoe.  
He was, of course, the last to go  
And as he toured the stratosphere  
Saw *Salamander* disappear  
With every feeling of regret.

That's all. Of course he won his bet,  
Which came in very handy, since  
He didn't manage to convince  
The Naval Court that he'd done right  
And so they sacked him, overnight.  
Too bad, I think, or do I? What?  
I do? How foolish, I forgot!



*"You had better go now—here comes father."*



Ernest H. Shepard

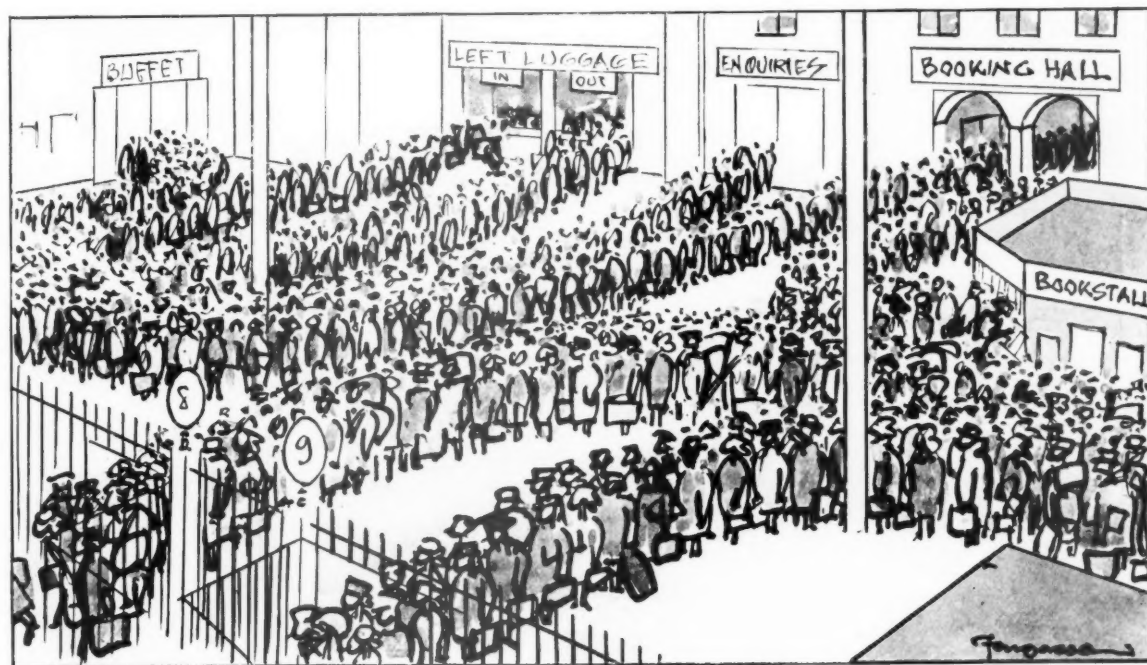
THE MIGRANT



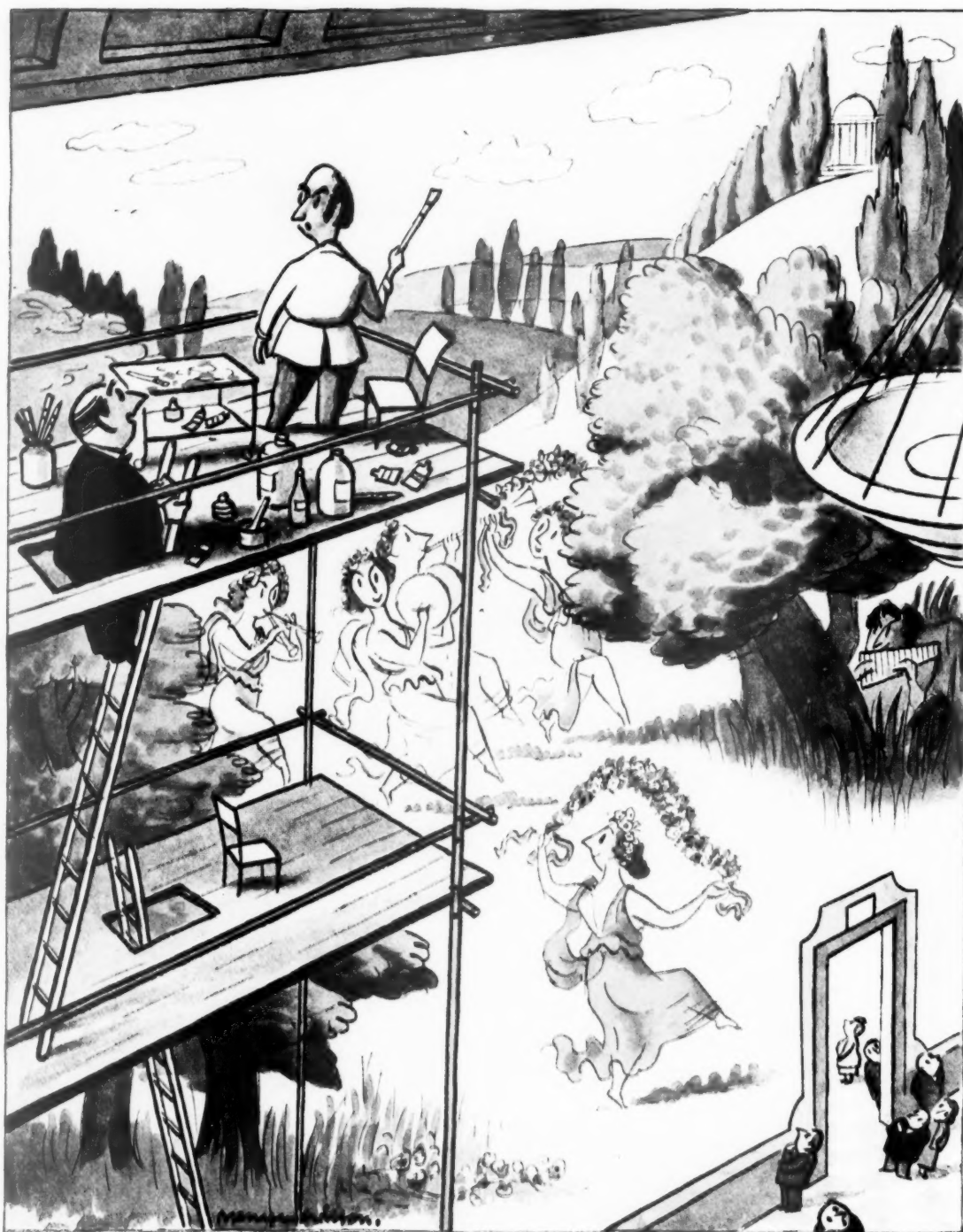
THE CHANGING FACE OF BRITAIN  
TRAVEL DISCIPLINE



1



2



*"When you've finished, Mr. Bendillo, would you do us a little sign reading 'Exit'?"*

The entire Copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers: Inland Postage, 30/- per annum (U.S. - six months); Overseas, 36/- per annum (Canada, 34/- per annum).

## The Garden and the Can



To-day, Heinz are proud to be helping in the big job of feeding a nation at war. The calls of the Services must come first—you would not have it otherwise. Thus supplies in the stores are limited.

But there *are* some of the famous varieties for the home larder: Soups—a limited range, it is true—and oven-baked Beans—with their valuable protein contribution to the National Diet.

You may not be able to get *all* the good things you would like—so *when you do get a can bearing the old familiar label—make the most of it. Here's how!*

# HEINZ

## 57 Varieties

### A REAL MEAL

Place mashed hot seasoned potatoes (whipped with a little hot household milk) in a heated shallow serving-dish. Add a can of Heinz oven-baked Beans (heated through). Arrange 4 helpings of scrambled reconstituted dried egg on top, sprinkle over a little chopped parsley and serve.

SOUPS • BAKED BEANS • SALAD CREAM • MAYONNAISE

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY LIMITED LONDON

## FROM THE PARATROOPS IN ACTION OVERSEAS



**"I found amongst a German's kit a round rusty tin" ... he writes**

*"Dear Sirs,*

*During an attack in the Northern Sector I found, amongst a German's kit, a round rusty tin. ... I opened it after the battle, and to my joy I found it contained BARNEYS in a fresh and excellent condition. This tin must have been a long time in ... and had rough treatment.*

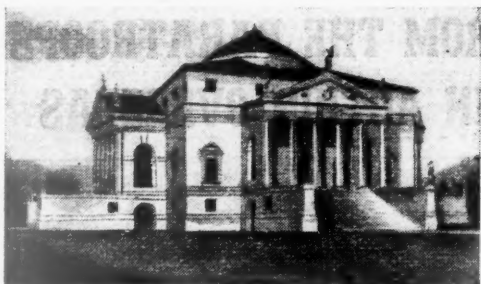
*Barneys is now available in ration and there is great rivalry to get a tin. It is a godsend to us all."*

(From a Captain in The Parachute Regt.; the airgraph can be inspected.)

## TRIBUTE TO JOHN SINCLAIR'S Barneys

★ Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild), Punchbowlie (full), 2/9½d. oz.

John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.



## FONS ET ORIGO...

The famous Palladio was surely one who "built better than he knew"—he who saw little beyond his Italian lakes and cypresses, and yet has been the father of innumerable of England's finest houses. But the astonishing vogue of his style in eighteenth century England is a tribute not only to him. It exemplifies the insight of his "discoverers"—they who recognised the wonderful rightness of his philosophy of architecture, with its three cardinal points—"L'Utile—La Perpetuita—La Bellazza." British architects have always shown themselves ready to discern merit, both in material and style—and Celotex, makers of insulating and building boards, know they can trust their future safely to them.

# CELOTEX

CELOTEX LTD., N. CIRCULAR RD., STONEBRIDGE PARK, LONDON, N.W.10



## GLENFIELD VALVES

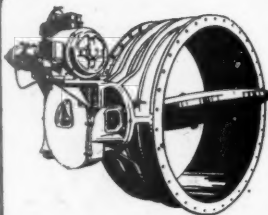
for  
HYDRO-ELECTRIC CONTROL

The great increase in hydro-electric power generation has led to the design and construction of a wide variety of valves for the safe and convenient control of the large quantities of high-pressure water involved, and the control valves for many of the most important hydro-electric installations in the world were designed and made by us.

Our technical publications on Hydro-Electric Equipment—

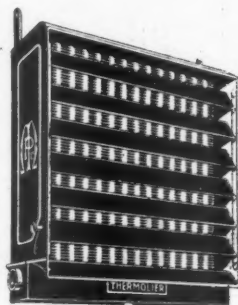
- "Balanced Disc Valves,"
- "Sluice Valves,"
- "Needle Valves,"
- "Anti-Vacuum Valves,"
- "Jet Dispersers,"

give details of many of these valves, and will be sent to responsible enquirers post-free on request.



# Glenfield

GLENFIELD AND KENNEDY LIMITED KILMARNOCK



*It's always warm...*



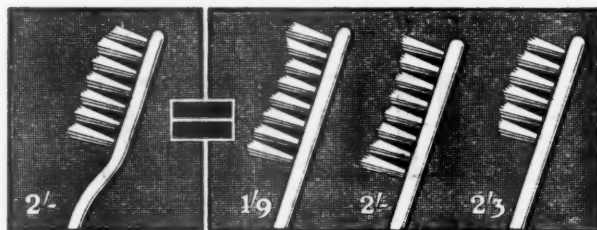
—but where the

## THERMOLIER UNIT HEATER

is installed in industrial premises there is no danger of discomfort through uncontrolled heat. Warm air is provided at working level, exactly where required, and the comfort of the worker is assured.

MATHER & PLATT LTD.  
PARK WORKS MANCHESTER

## SAVE MONEY AND VITAL WAR MATERIALS



**1 WISDOM equals 3 ORDINARY BRUSHES**

A WISDOM Toothbrush costs only 2/- (including 4d. tax) yet lasts three times as long as an ordinary toothbrush. Thus by buying a Wisdom, not only do you save money but help conserve vital war materials. The plastics used in toothbrush handles are wanted by the R.A.F. It is real saving, national and personal, to buy a WISDOM.

REGD.  
**Wisdom**  
TOOTHBRUSH

MADE BY ADDIS LIMITED, MAKERS OF THE FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780





Famous before the war, the Simpson two-piece suit makes an even stronger appeal today. Costing only 21 coupons—tailored with that easy, casual air for which Simpsons are famous. It saves five coupons—a fact to bear in mind these days. Superbly comfortable. In exclusive worsteds, Saxonomies and tweeds.

From the best shops in most big towns or from Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd., 202, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

## GLASTONBURY PREDICTIONS

## Watch Aries

Aries, the Ram of the Zodiac, has been causing much comment in Astrological Circles of late. From my observatory on Glastonbury Tor I have myself observed Aries on several occasions give four distinct winks—three short and one long.

Putting two and two together (or rather, three and one) it would seem that the day when the ban is lifted from the familiar GLASTONBURY MOTOR OVERSHOES may not be so far off. What other interpretation could there be?



## MORLANDS GLASTONBURYS

★ Meanwhile, take care of those you have until post-war improved styles arrive.

**Pedigree**  
PRAMS & FOLDERS  
All the best babies have them  
**L.B.LTD. London**



(258)

# K.L.G.

## Sparkling PLUGS

have always had an enviable reputation, but when after the war the story of these historic days is told in detail, they will be found to have played an important part in the war effort, not only in the air, but on land and sea as well. If in the interval you find it difficult to buy K.L.G. Sparkling Plugs for your own motor car, you will be tolerant, for the needs of the Services must come first.



K.L.G.  
SPARKING PLUGS  
LTD.  
PUTNEY VALE,  
S.W.15



## KEEP IT GOING!

The clock's the key. With a Ferranti Clock indicating the time, household affairs cannot fail in promptness. Model your time-table on Ferranti—and keep it going.

**FERRANTI**  
*Clocks*

In the very unlikely event of your Ferranti Clock requiring attention send it to the Clock Servicing Department, Ferranti Ltd., Hollinwood, Lancs., experts will quickly set it going—and keep it going.



# Meltonian

## LIQUID SUEDE CLEANER

*still the best*

Suede shoes are far too precious to-day to risk using any but the best cleaner on them. And why should you? Meltonian Suede Cleaner is in good supply at shoe shops everywhere—and available in seven serviceable colours.

Keep your suede shoes young-looking—soft, fresh and free from shine—by treating them regularly to Meltonian Suede Cleaner.

### MELTONIAN SUEDE CLEANER

In 4oz. bottles—1/-

To lengthen the life of shoes of polished leather use Meltonian Cream, but use it sparingly as in the national interest supplies are restricted.



—dreaming of the day when there will be no shortage of

## RED HEART Dog Food

10½d. PER LARGE TIN

JOHN MORRELL AND COMPANY LIMITED, LIVERPOOL AND LONDON

A Norfolk  
War Medallist

## THIS VITAL SERVICE MUST GO ON

The work of the Life-Boat Service must go on. Four times as many calls are being made on it now as in time of Peace.

Your contribution is more than ever needed. Send it to-day.

ROYAL NATIONAL  
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION  
LIFE-BOAT HOUSE  
Boreham Wood, Herts.

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer,  
Lt.-Col. C.R. SATTERTHWAITHE, O.B.E., Secretary.

## PETROLE HAHN

For the Hair



• A perfect dressing and a sovereign specific against falling hair, scurf and dandruff. Promotes hair growth. Invigorates the scalp. Non-inflammable. From good Hairdressers and Chemists.

per bottle 5/- & 7/6 (including increased tax)



### BRITISH BELTING & ASBESTOS LTD

CLECKHEATON  
YORKSHIRE

Asphalt is just one of the raw materials used in the manufacture of MINTEX brake linings for industrial plant and machinery.

More important than this, or any other of the carefully selected raw materials, however, are the many years of research and of experience in manufacture and application which have built up the incomparable quality of all MINTEX brake and clutch linings.

Machine Belting for  
Driving, Conveying, Elevating.  
Solid-woven Endless Belts  
for all Short-Centre Drives.

Asbestos Yarns, Cloths,  
Tapes and Lagging  
Packings and Jointings.

### MINTEX

Brake and Clutch Linings  
for Cars, Vehicles, Aircraft  
and all types of machinery.

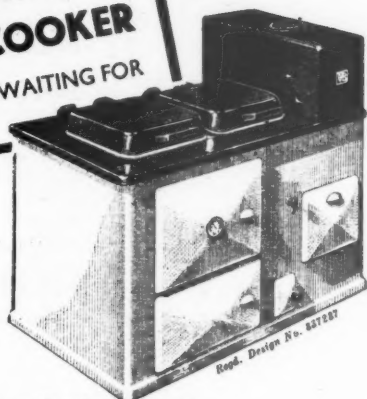
## RHEUMATISM

Rheumatism—however mild your symptoms—exact a merciless toll in pain and expense if not checked in time. Poisons and impurities in your system are usually the cause of rheumatic disorders. To get rid of these poisons, doctors recommend the drinking of mineral spa waters. But a visit to a spa involves time and expense that many people simply cannot afford these days.

'Alkia' Saltrates may be described as a spa treatment in your own home. It contains the essential curative qualities of seven world-famous springs and has the same beneficial effect on the system at a fraction of the cost and without the inconvenience of travelling to an actual spa. A teaspoonful of 'Alkia' Saltrates in warm water before breakfast each morning soon relieves pain. Taken regularly, this pleasant, effervescent drink dissolves impurities in the blood-stream and greatly assists the kidneys to eliminate them from the system, thus helping to prevent recurring attacks of rheumatism.

A bottle of 'Alkia' Saltrates costs 3/9 (inc. Pur. Tax). Get one from your chemist to-day and begin your spa treatment to-morrow morning.

*Remember!*  
**THE 'AB' COOKER**  
IS WELL WORTH WAITING FOR



- **Cooking and Water Heating** combined in one unit.
- **Big Fuel Economy** Ensured through automatic fuel feed.
- **Food Values Are Retained** by balanced distribution of heat.
- **High Temperatures Are Available** at a moment's notice.

*You Are Invited . . .*  
to visit the Demonstration Kitchen  
at the address below, and see how  
the "AB" Cooker works—also get  
the "AB" Cooker on your war-  
time cooking problems.

Write for Free Illustrated Brochure to:

**FEDERATED SALES LIMITED**  
(Dept. P50) 80, GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1  
Telephone: Mayfair 5034/6



**COMBINING COOKING & WATER HEATING**  
(Controlled by Federated Foundries, Ltd.)

**ATKINSONS**  
*Eau de Cologne*



In those Victorian days when women were still called the "weaker sex" (though surely no man was tough enough to wear that strait jacket of rigid busks, criss-cross lacings and sheathing canvas), Atkinsons Eau de Cologne was the favourite essence of the world of fashion and beauty. Today, when women no longer exploit their "weakness" and are on war service of one kind or another, Atkinsons, still made from the traditional recipe, is a source of soothing comfort and well-earned pleasure. . . . Atkinsons is very scarce in war time, so be glad when you can obtain it; please be patient when you can't.

ATKINSONS OF OLD BOND STREET

AEC 139A-26

J. & E. ATKINSON LTD.



Specially prepared by  
Abdulla for all lovers of  
the American style cigarette.

**Fifth Avenue . 20 for 2/4**

173 New Bond Street, W.1



**A cuckoo in the nest?**

The medicine chest seems a queer sort of place to store anything so attractive as a bottle of Lembar, a bit like keeping a roller bandage in the larder. But circumstances alter cases. Lembar is 35% pure lemon juice with Scotch barley, glucose and cane sugar—and, when you come across a bottle, it's wise to keep it in reserve for a month or two, in case of 'flu or other illness in the house. The invalid has priority claim—only if you get a second bottle can you give it to the family to quench ordinary thirsts!

RAYNER'S

**Lembar**

BEST FOR ILLNESS—  
BEST FOR  
HEALTH

MADE BY RAYNER & COMPANY LIMITED EDMONTON LONDON N.18



You see -  
both ends are  
**DIFFERENT!**



... but it makes no difference to **STEAD**, who produce pins by the million, every conceivable shape and size. Perhaps you need a special pin for your trade? **STEAD** can make it with precision and perfect finish.

**Think inSTEAD before you buy**

Tele: Sheffield 22283 (4 lines)

**J. STEAD & CO. LTD. SHEFFIELD 2**



"Things aren't the same since the Military took over the place," says *Oswald the Owl*. "There was only the Master's car then . . . now it's trucks and carriers up and down my drive night and day. Yet the surface is as good as ever. The Master knew a thing or two when he had it done with Colas." When Peace returns to the Gardens of the world, there will be Colas products again to make paths and drives trim and durable.

COLAS PRODUCTS LTD., 5-6, CROSBY SQUARE, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.3  
PHONE: AVENUE 5331 'GRAMS: COLASFALT STOCK, LONDON



By appointment to  
**H.M. King George VI**



**LODGE**  
**PLUGS**  
are playing their part

## NOW AT YOUR SERVICE for Vital War Work

We are glad to be able to announce that Kango Electric Hammers can now be supplied against I (A) Priority requirements (only) for really vital war work.

### The KANGO ELECTRIC HAMMER

has many special War uses, including—

- Work in connection with reinforcing Air Raid Shelters
- Drilling holes in floors for Rawibolts for installing machinery
- De-scaling furnaces, boilers and tanks
- Ramming fireclay into furnaces
- Rescue work where holes need cutting through concrete, brick, etc.
- Any other work where holes have to be drilled, or cutting away has to be done in concrete, brick and stone
- We shall be glad to have particulars of your requirements

**KANGO**  
**ELECTRIC HAMMER**

MANSON'S MOTOR CO LTD, MORDEN FACTORY ESTATE, LONDON, SW19

## Concentration

War work demands concentration; concentration is a great strain on the system—the result of a hard day's work may be headache—neuralgia—strained nerves—sleeplessness and that taut, pent-up feeling.



## Relaxation

You must relax properly to work properly. Never put up with a headache. Never let irritated nerves interfere with real rest or prevent sound sleep. Take two 'Genasprin' tablets and really relax. You'll be a new man in no time!



## 'Genasprin'

**kills pain QUICKLY - time it!**

'Genasprin' is absolutely pure and safe. It cannot harm the heart or digestion. There is no substitute for 'Genasprin'. Get some from your chemist today. 7d., 1/5d., 2/3d.

The word 'GENASPRIN' is the registered trade mark of Genasol Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

*The "Antiquary"*  
Finest  
Scotch Whisky

OF RARE  
DISTINCTION  
WITH THE  
RIGHT AGE  
COMMANDING  
RESPECT:

Proprietors  
**J. & W. HARDIE**  
SCOTLAND

Creamy, Delicious, Nourishing

**ROYAL  
ARROWROOT  
DESSERT**

EASILY MADE EASILY  
DIGESTED SERVED  
HOT OR COLD

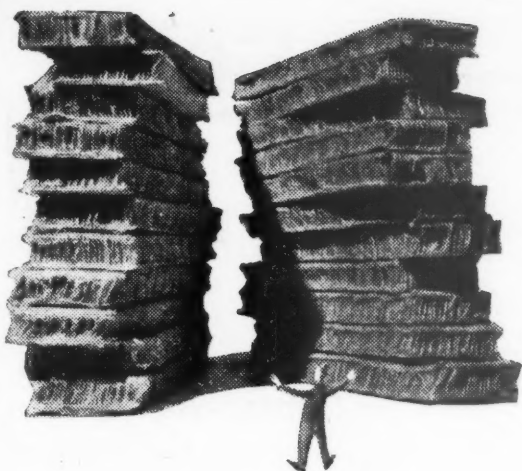
4½ pence  
PER PINTY  
POCKET

3 FLAVOURS  
CARAMEL  
CHOCOLATE  
VANILLA

**ROYAL  
ARROWROOT  
DESSERT**

PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS LTD





## untapped resources

One way to save rubber is to use RESILITEX, the new resilient on which the government contractor can draw freely. RESILITEX gives the same compression-recovery ratio as sponge rubber plus certain advantages of its own. It is non-soluble in oil and petrol. Standard sheets are 1/3" thick. They can be supplied cut, curved or bonded together to make almost any shape. Have you some component that could be made up in RESILITEX for you to try out on the job? If so please send it along. Send enquiries to: Resilitex Service Research Dept., Lister & Co., Ltd., Manningham Mills, Bradford, Yorks.

Listers OF BRADFORD

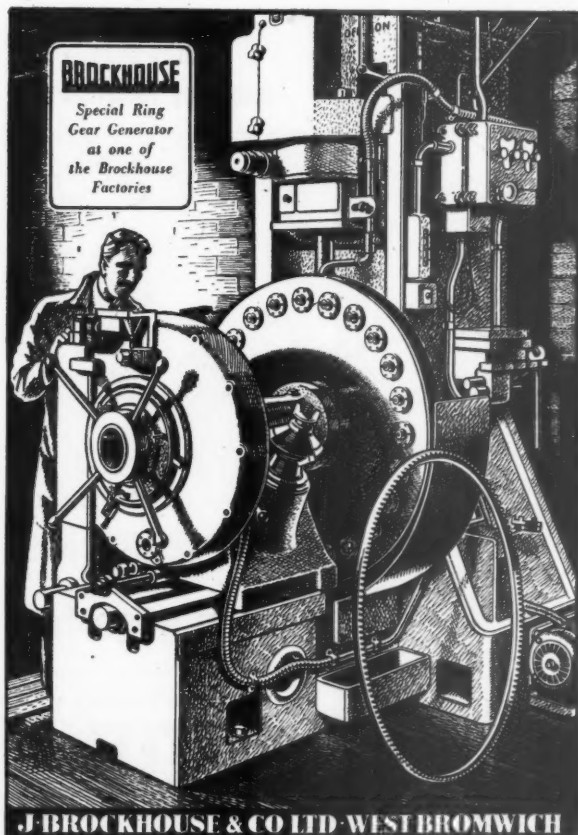
**RESILITEX**  
regd.  
PATENT PENDING

## THE LONG & THE SHORT OF IT



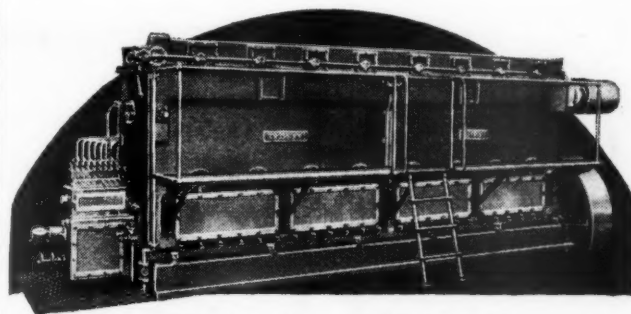
is that unless you have a special priority permit there can be no more Pel office furniture for you till after the war, so take care of the furniture you have, even if it wasn't made to measure. You can be sure the new Pel furniture will pay a comfortable dividend on any discomfort endured during the present austerity period.

MADE BY PEL LTD · OLDBURY · BIRMINGHAM



J-BROCKHOUSE & CO LTD WEST BROMWICH

Holders.



THE 800 b.h.p. 8 cylinder 4 cycle engine illustrated, is designed for heavy duty, and of medium weight and speed.

It represents the modern trend and is exceptionally accessible, although totally enclosed. Complete exposure of valve gear, etc., is obtained by sliding back the top aluminium covers, and adequate doors give access to crank chamber and cylinders.

Forced lubrication is employed, and starting is by compressed air instantaneously.

75 years experience as pioneers of the industry is a guarantee of efficient and economical operation.

# CROSSLEY

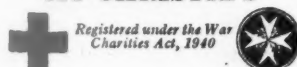
Vertical & Horizontal **DIESEL ENGINES**  
and Gas Engines - 3 to 3000 B.H.P.

CROSSLEY BROTHERS LIMITED, MANCHESTER 11

## Hidden Treasures

Stored away in "safety" there are countless Jewels, unworn, unseen. AND we have living men for whom necessities are urgently wanted . . . Prisoners of War, Sick and Wounded. A hidden treasure taken out of store and sent to the Treasurer, Red Cross Sales, 15 Old Bond Street, London, W.1, would help to meet that growing need through the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund. Send for the next

### RED CROSS Jewel Sale AT CHRISTIE'S



THIS SPACE IS DONATED BY  
*Beechams Pills  
Limited*

Look  
for the name  
**CUMBERLAND**  
on the pencil  
you purchase

PRODUCED AT THE BIRTHPLACE OF PENCILS  
CUMBERLAND PENCIL CO LTD - KESWICK

**EPHEDROL**  
RELIEVES COLDS AND  
**CATARH**

A "sniff" at bedtime  
clears the nasal passages

Chemists, 1/6 & 3/4 (including  
Purchase Tax), or post-free from  
**CLAY & ABRAHAM LTD.**  
LIVERPOOL. Est. 1813. C.E.Sb.

For your Silverware  
use only  
**"Goddard's"**  
Plate Powder  
or  
Liquid Plate Polish

## KEEP YOUR FEET RIGHT AND HEAL ALL YOUR SKIN TROUBLES QUICKLY

HOMOCEA is the perfect OINTMENT prepared from those carefully selected ingredients which were prescribed by the CONSULTING CHEMISTS of our Great-grandfathers' time and fully endorsed by those of to-day.

HOMOCEA quickly penetrates and softens the skin. It heals little WOUNDS and SORES and assists more serious SKIN AFFECTIONS. MANY THOUSANDS of people all over the WORLD use HOMOCEA every day of their lives and gain immense comfort from the protection it gives them.

The man who shaves every morning and has a TENDER SKIN rubs a little HOMOCEA on his face the night before. And what a colossal amount of discomfort he saves himself!

The ATHLETE The GOLFER The CYCLIST The men (and women too) who have to walk to the Station every morning. The SOLDIER The MUNITION WORKER The POSTMAN The POLICEMAN. The WOMAN WHO HOLES HER STOCKINGS AT THE HEEL because of a bit of hard skin.

ALL THESE AND MANY MORE need HOMOCEA and they can try it and test it without any risk. See the guarantee on every package.

HOMOCEA will generally prevent MOSQUITOES or MIDGES or BEES biting you if you smear it on your skin. If you neglect to do this and get bitten HOMOCEA will quickly relieve the pain and heal the wound. See what Mr. W. Herrod-Henspell THE AUTHORITY ON BEE KEEPING says about Homocées on page 50 of the BEE KEEPERS' GUIDE.

Buy a tin from your Chemist or Store. Use it for any SKIN TROUBLE you have, and, if you are not satisfied, return the carton to the makers and the full amount of your money will be refunded without question or quibble.

SUPPLIES ARE AVAILABLE AT THE CHEMISTS.

**Homocée**  
TOUCHES THE SPOT



THE HOMOCEA MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 46, ELSWICK ROAD, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, A.



## Inter-works deliveries?

The one ton capacity "Electric" is proving ideal for inter-works deliveries. Have you thought about it? "Electrics" use home produced fuel, are cheap to run and maintain, and are easily operated by women or young workers.

## Use ELECTRIC VEHICLES

Details from the Secretary,  
The Electric Vehicle Association of Gt. Britain  
Ltd. (Dept. F7), 2, Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.

## FITNESS FOR PURPOSE...

IN these days of restricted buying, one worth-while truth learned is that the best is cheapest in the end. It applies to guns and 'planes just as much as to "shoes and ships and sealing-wax." To electric fires, too!



THE Ferranti Radiant Fire has always been the cheapest to use, though never the cheapest to buy. THE present restricted output of electric fires has proved the inherent quality of the Ferranti Fire—its "fitness for purpose"—for thousands of pre-war models are still in use, bought by those whose sense of economy made them pay a little more for quality.

## FERRANTI Radiant Electric Fires

FIRST • FOREMOST • HOTTEST

Ferranti Ltd., Moston, Manchester, 10.

London Office: Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2.

FF250

## Healthy dogs make good companions



**BOB MARTIN'S**  
Condition Powder Tablets  
keep dogs fit

**FROC**  
MODEL AEROPLANES  
L.B.LTD. London

# Gets Gibbs



## SHAVING STICKS

Next time you need a Shaving Stick—just try Gibbs. You will notice that Gibbs *does* give a smoother shave; and leaves your face comfortable. The packs may change, but the high standard of quality of the goods will be maintained.

Prices from 7½d to 1/3d  
including Purchase Tax

GS 78G

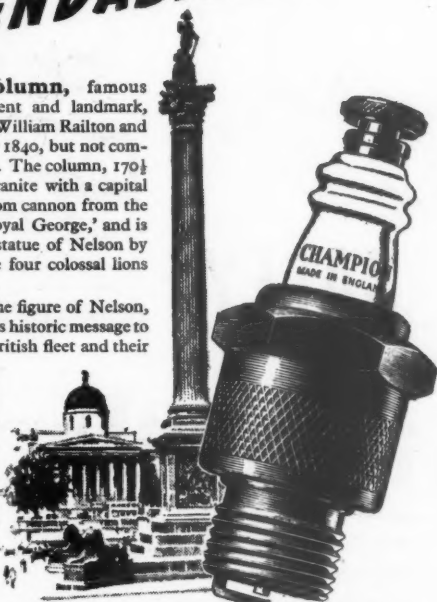
D. &amp; W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, W.1

# DEPENDABILITY

Nelson's Column, famous London monument and landmark, was designed by William Railton and begun in the year 1840, but not completed until 1867. The column, 170½ feet high, is of granite with a capital of bronze cast from cannon from the wreck of the 'Royal George,' and is crowned by the statue of Nelson by E. H. Baily. The four colossal lions are by Landseer.

Looking up at the figure of Nelson, we call to mind his historic message to the men of the British fleet and their glorious answer.

Thinking of them, well might we say as millions throughout the world say of Champion Plugs, "There's Dependability for you!"



KEEP PLUGS CLEAN AND SAVE PETROL

# CHAMPION

PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED

# Celanese<sup>®</sup> Products

TRADE MARK

Civilian supplies of 'Celanese' Products are reduced, but we know you understand that this shortage is due to problems of materials, labour and distribution.

In these times of difficulty, may we ask you to look back and remember the infinite variety and unlimited supplies of 'Celanese'—then look ahead and know the day will come when post war 'Celanese' products with new and revolutionary qualities will be released to you to give impetus to your new way of living.

G.216



Pain from corns, hammer toes and weak arches makes you 'soft' and takes all the drive out of you.

There's no need for it! Ninety per cent of foot troubles can be avoided if people will only take advice. We're proving that constantly at Scholl Foot Service, where our experts are putting hundreds of workers and fighters 'on their feet.' Pain is quickly eased; then treatment is given until your feet are normal again! It costs so little.

Scholl Foot Aids and Appliances for men, women and children are obtainable at Scholl Depots, all good chemists, shoe-dealers and stores.

## FOOTNOTES BY SCHOLL





**IN MANY A  
COUNTRY HOME**

In many parts of our island Petter Engines are providing the power necessary for the supply of Electricity and Water in country estates. Our plans are complete for post-war delivery, when we shall again be in the happy position to meet, with minimum delay, the large demand for Petter Engines, which will embody superior features.

## Better ENGINES

*From 1½ B.H.P. upwards.*

**PETTERS LTD. - LOUGHBOROUGH - ENGLAND**

# Sparklets

All available supplies of SPARKLETS BULBS are being distributed as equitably as possible. For the present, please "go easy with the soda" and return empty Bulbs promptly to your usual supplier.



## What is wrong with this picture?



# CALEY

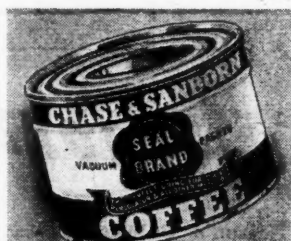
## Are you a sideways bender?

Nothing like exercise and regular diet to keep you fit. So eat Turog brown bread regularly. Turog nourishes you — makes you feel in grand form to tackle your war work!

# Turog

## brown bread

Difficulty with supplies? Then write to—  
SPILLERS LTD., 40 ST. MARY AXE, E.C.3



**PURE** Coffee  
at its Best!

**Vacuum Packed - Always Fresh**

Send 1d. stamp for 'HOW TO MAKE COFFEE' in  
STANDARD BRANDS LTD. DATCHET



## TAKE THIS TIP!

**CLEANLINESS.**—Protect the enamel finish by washing off fruit juices, vinegar, milk or onion with hot soapy water. When dry use a cream polish.

## MAIN Gas Cooker

# Filtavent

# Flidaver

SELF-CONTAINED VENTILATION & AIR FILTRATION UNIT

★Ventilates and filters air in crowded places.

This plant provides perfect ventilation and air filtration for 105 persons, however long it may have to be in operation. Write for full particulars.

**SUTCLIFFE, SPEAKMAN & COMPANY LIMITED**

LEIGH • LANCASHIRE

LONDON OFFICE : 44 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1

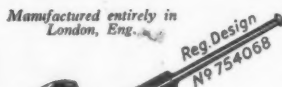
FL 9



# Barling

## PIPE CRAFT

Manufactured entirely in  
London, Eng.



Take care of your  
Barling Pipe. Supplies are  
extremely limited, consequently  
difficult to obtain.

Index of Sizes clearly marked on  
each stem.

Letters S.S., S.M., L., E.L., on  
each pipe indicate sizes—Small,  
Small-Medium, Large and  
Extra Large.

When available, prices are as follows:—

	S.S.	S-M.	L.	E.L.
Standard	10/6	13/6	16/6	20/-
or Sandblast				
Ye Olde Wood	S.S.	S-M.	L.	E.L.
Selected Grains	15/6	18/6	21/6	25/-

B. BARLING & SONS, EST. IN LONDON, 1812 "Makers of the World's Finest Pipes"

# JAEGER

The authorities ask us to remember that

COUPONS ARE FOR OUR BASIC NEEDS

## WARDONIA

### BLADES

FOR BETTER SHAVES.  
SOLD BY NAAFI.

## BEAR BRAND HONEY



THE  
PREMIER BRAND  
Honey is rationed  
with all preserves  
and distribution is  
accordingly limited.  
We ask you not to  
be disappointed if it  
is difficult to obtain.

L. CARVIN & Co. Ltd.  
Branch: The Bear Honey Co.  
Ltd., Isleworth, Middlesex.

## Tri-ang

### TOYS

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

L.B.LTD. London



Wherever the elegance and correctness of tableware must be  
above reproach, there, frequently enough, you will find that  
Minton China has been chosen. And justification for that  
discerning choice grows still more evident through the years.

# MINTON

The World's Most Beautiful China

MINTON LTD. · STOKES-UPON-TRENT · EST. 1793



CHAIRMAN is a thoroughly good  
tobacco with the inestimable quality of  
coolness. It pleases always—however much  
it is smoked. Its flavour may not appeal to  
every palate, but ninety pipe-smokers in  
every hundred who can appreciate a good  
tobacco will find that it is what they want.

## Chairman Tobacco

Three strengths: Chairman, medium; Board-  
man's, mild; Recorder, full; 2/9½ per oz.,  
from tobaccoists everywhere.  
There is also Chairman Empire Mixture,  
at 2/6 per oz.

Made by the successors to R. J. Lea, Ltd.

The popular British Cigar with  
the mild Havana  
flavour.

## CARASADA INTERMEZZOS

Elegant shape  
54 inches long,  
as illustrat-  
ed.

Box of  
25 for 27/6

(4 other sizes available)

GREEN'S LTD.,

Cigar Importers,  
37 & 38, Royal Exchange,  
Cornhill, London, E.C.3

# Horrockses

REGD

## THE GREATEST NAME IN COTTON

Manufacturers of *Utility Fabrics* also:—

SHEETS · PILLOW CASES · TOWELS and COTTON BLANKETS

HORROCKSES, CRIWDSOM & CO. LTD., PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, LONDON

*Highest possible quality*



*Lowest possible price*

★ It has been a revelation to many people to discover how little a good Vermouth *need* cost—when it's produced here at home. That's one of the useful things Votrix has taught and it will be still remembered when wine becomes more plentiful everywhere than it is today.

#### VOTRIX VERMOUTH

*Votrix, produced at the Vine Products Vintnery in Surrey, may often be difficult to get, owing to wartime restrictions, but it is still available. "Dry," bottle size 7/6. "Sweet," bottle size 7/-.*



**TOFFEE OF THE  
BETTER KIND**

BUY

**Wilkin's  
CREMONA  
TOFFEE**

*Give it to the Children*

Welcome Always—  
Keep it Handy  
**GRANT'S  
MORELLA  
CHERRY  
BRANDY**

★ *Stocks  
still available  
but restricted*

# MECCANO AND HORNBY TRAINS

*The World's  
Greatest Toys*

We regret that we cannot supply these famous toys today, but they will be ready for you again after the war. In the meantime, if you are in any difficulties with your toys, write to

MECCANO LIMITED, BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 13

*Flavourites  
to flavour it*



**Yorkshire  
Relish**

**THICK or THIN**

*New Controlled Prices:*  
**THICK 11d. THIN 11d. & 1/3d.**  
Made by Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Ltd., Leeds

MANUFACTURERS

OF

**BRIGHT STEEL BARS**

THE

**HALESOWEN STEEL  
CO. LTD.**

HALESOWEN,  
NEAR  
BIRMINGHAM.

84, VICTORIA STREET  
LONDON,  
S.W.1.

#### YOUR MENFOLK

on the fighting fronts and at home are glad of the  
**CHURCH ARMY RECREATION HUTS,  
HOSTELS AND MOBILE CANTEENS.**

You can make no finer contribution to their comfort and welfare than by aiding the work of the Church Army. Please send a gift to the Rev. H. H. Treacher, "My Help," Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1. (Regd. War Charities Act, 1940).

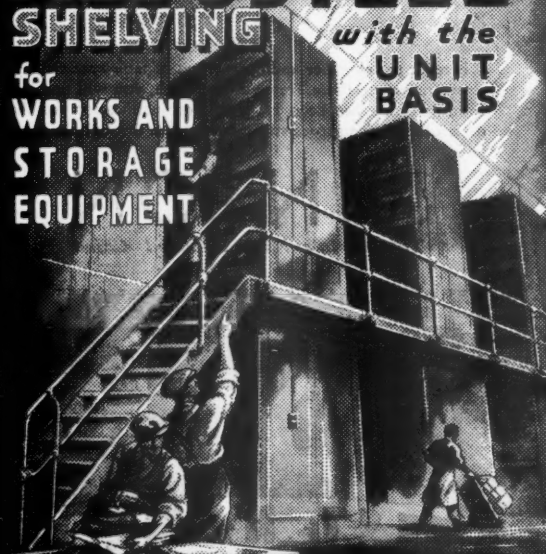
*Tails always  
Wag-a-lot*

FOR

**WINALOT**

**THE IDEAL FOOD  
FOR DOGS**

**ADJUSTEEL<sup>®</sup>**  
**SHELVING**  
for  
**WORKS AND  
STORAGE  
EQUIPMENT**



Send for Catalogue — P/820

**CONSTRUCTORS**

TYBURN RD · ERDINGTON  
BIRMINGHAM 24

*A Squirrel does it!*



**STORAGE AGAINST FUTURE NEED**

An ESSE Heat Storage Cooker stores heat during the less busy hours against the peak demand period. Fuel Economy, Reliability, Cleanliness, and improved cookery lighten the household burden

**THE ESSE COOKER CO.** Prop: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Est. 1854  
BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND. London: 63 Conduit St. & 11 Ludgate Circus  
Liverpool: 20 Canning Pl. Edinburgh: 17 Greenide Pl. Glasgow: 11 Dixon St. C.1

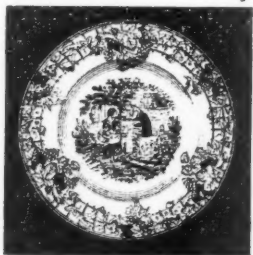
## ARE YOU WEARING YOUR JEWELLERY?

OR is most of it lying locked away—unused—almost forgotten? Why not get a good price for it instead? There's an opportunity to sell it now. Brooches, clip and double-clip brooches, rings, bracelets, badge brooches, etc., are all worth money to-day. Send them, by registered post, to Asprey's for the fairest valuation and the best cash prices.

*Asprey's*

166 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

For Tableware  
**SPODE**  
Leads The Way



BYRON

Spode has never failed to supply replacements for 100 years and will do so again after the War.

**Spode**

*The China of Distinction*

W. T. COPELAND & SONS LIMITED  
SPODE WORKS, STOKE-ON-TRENT



It is nearly a century since Romary first made biscuits of supreme quality at Tunbridge Wells. Today, the old standards of fine ingredients and 'home-baking' are still being faithfully observed. Romary Biscuits remain the supreme example of the art of biscuit craftsmanship.

**ROMARY**

'TUNBRIDGE WELLS' BISCUITS

## RATTRAY'S 7 RESERVE TOBACCO

Many handsome letters of appreciation of Rattray's service have been received even during the war period. Some say thanks for prompt attention given—some praise the packings—all give unstinted thanks for the excellence of the tobacco and the pleasure they get from it. For Rattray's it is a great joy to know they have so many enthusiastic friends.

A customer writes from BRADFORD—"As confirmed pipe smokers, we think your tobacco absolutely first class."

A customer writes from PRESTWICK—"When one still finds a tobacco of pedigree existing in this country, its excellence is all the more noticeable."

A customer writes from WILMSLOW—"How very much I appreciate the excellent service which you continue to give in these difficult times."

Obtainable only from

*Chas. Rattray*  
Tobacco  
Blender

PERTH, SCOTLAND

Price: 40/6 per lb., Post Paid.  
Send 12/6 for sample 1-lb. tin, Post Free.



# LAN-AIR-CEL

Cellular Blankets

Regd.

are cherished possessions now and if you take care of them they'll last for many years. Owing to restrictions both Lan-Air-Cel and Lan-Air are scarce, but you can still find them at some of the Stores.

Sole Manufacturers:

McCALLUM & CRAIGIE, Ltd.,  
WELLSHOT ROAD, SHETTLERON, GLASGOW, E.2





All shrewd Judges smoke

**Orlik** BRIAR  
PIPES

The demand for Orlik pipes far exceeds the supply, but the quality is still as good as ever. If you have difficulty in obtaining a genuine Orlik London Made pipe, please write to us for address of the nearest Tobacconist who can supply you.

L. ORLIK LTD., LONDON, E.C.1

Established 1899



Also PETROL LIGHTERS & POUCHES

Orlik wind-proof Petrol Lighters give a sure light for cigarette or pipe, indoors or out. Orlik Pouches in a variety of styles.

**LAMPORT & HOLT LINE**  
LIMITED

TO

**SOUTH AMERICA**

Regular Cargo Service between  
**UNITED KINGDOM, BRAZIL  
& RIVER PLATE**

Regular Cargo and Passenger Service also  
operates between New York, Brazil and  
the River Plate.

For particulars apply:—

Royal Liver Building, Liverpool, 3 (Tel.: CENTral 5650); 85  
Gracethurch Street, London, E.C.3 (Tel.: Mansion House  
7533); or Agents.

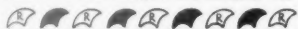


**RADIO  
RENTALS**

*Unparalleled*  
war-time  
**SERVICE**

SORRY! Owing to restricted supplies only a few sets are available in certain Provincial Towns. Enquire at Local Branch. Over 80 Branches and Depots operating to ensure Free Service, Free Replacements, etc., to the fortunate half million who rely on Radio Rentals for their listening.

Head Office: 92 Regent St., London, W.1



**OLD  
BLEACH**

household and embroidery

★ LINENS ★  
and  
★ FURNISHING  
FABRICS

THE OLD BLEACH LINEN CO. LTD.  
RANDALSTOWN, NORTHERN IRELAND

*Days of the Dandies*



*Powder celestial! Where'er I range  
I smell thy sweets from Pall Mall to the 'Change.*  
This pleasing couplet is taken from a poem in praise of snuff, written by William Woty. Reading his lines, you join the fashionables who tapped their snuff boxes and leaned on their elegant canes in Regency times.

There were no cigarettes in those days! But this is a deficiency you can easily make good with a box of Pall Mall de Luxe at hand. We recommend them as an exceptionally fine blend and at 12/10 a hundred they cost very little more than ordinary standard brands.

Call in at any Rothman shop and try our Pall Mall de Luxe. Or send your order direct to headquarters for delivery by mail—post free. Rothmans Ltd. (Folio H13) 5 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

DUTY FREE parcels to Prisoners of War and H.M. Forces Overseas (including India)—ask for special Order Form which includes full particulars.

**Rothman**  
OF PALL MALL

*the best known tobacconist in the world*



**QUEEN ANNE**  
RARE SCOTCH WHISKY

IN THE  
BETTER PLACES



By Appointment

Holders of Royal  
Appointment to  
successive Sovereigns since 1838

**HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD**  
EDINBURGH. Est. 1793

**"EVERBRITE" RECHARGEABLE TORCH**  
Available for Essential Services.

Recharged at home from your mains. No batteries required. Ideal for Black-out. Fully guaranteed. Direct or from electrical dealers.



RUNBAGEN ELECTRICAL PRODUCTS MANCHESTER 1

**hand-forged — that's why**

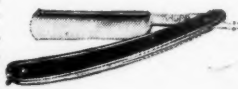
The

**KROPP**

shaves so luxuriously and  
LASTS SO LONG

The Craftsmen who make this famous Razor believe that there's no razor to equal the hand-forged KROPP. So do users all over the world. British-made from fine Sheffield steel. Lasts a lifetime. No grinding. No upkeep costs.

14/-, including purchase tax. Of Hairdressers, Cutlers and Stores. Please send 2d. stamp for Postage and Booklet 160. OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO. LTD. LONDON, W.1



**PROGRESS  
IN PLASTICS**

At the present time Plastics are playing a greater part in the war production than most people imagine. Immense strides have been made, and peace-time will see it applied for uses far beyond the dreams of its earliest pioneers.

If you are planning for the future let us discuss with you now how it can be applied to your business.

**SOUPLEX**

SOUPLEX LTD., MORECAMBE, LANCs



THE NAME TO REMEMBER IN...

WAR AND PEACE



We regret that 'Viyella' is no longer available for civilians at home, as the Fighting Forces have first call on this famous cloth.



**'Viyella'** REGD. *for Men*

OVERSEAS OFFICES AND REPRESENTATIVES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



*Men who design ever finer and faster machines choose this car for their own use.*



BY APPOINTMENT

*Daimler*

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED • LONDON AND COVENTRY